THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JANUARY, 1803.

CONTAINING

Colt bred by Lord Bolingbroke . *Page* 171

Fox Hunting.

Mr. Ward's Hounds ···· 171
Duke of Graftons Hounds ···· 172
Mr. Newman's Hounds ···· 172
Yorkshire Hounds ···· 173
Stag Hounds ···· 173

Hare Hunting.

Mr. Andrews's Harriers ···· 173
The Prince of Wales's Harriers ···· 173
Coursing ···· 174
Matches against Time ···· 175
Boxing ···· 175
Grand Sans Prendre ···· 176
Sea-Dog ···· 176
Newmarket, Historical Sketch of ·· 177
Frivolity of Select Parties ···· 178
Interesting Narrative of Sagacity in a Dog ···· 180
Asses in Egypt, Excellence and Superiority of the ···· 182
African Animals ···· 185
Christmas Sports of the Londoners ·· 186
Oatlands' Stakes ···· 190
Oxford Cup, Nominations for ···· 191
Betting ···· 191
Abolition of Gambling, a State ruined by the ···· 191
Prince Potempkin's Grand Fete to the late Empress of Russia ···· 192
Theatricals.—A House to be Sold ·· 193
The Tale of Mystery ···· 198
Pantomime of Love and Magic; or, Harlequin's Holiday ···· 202
Harlequin's Habeas; or, The Hall of Spectres ···· 204
Game Laws Vindicated ···· 205
Diplomatic Boxer ···· 206
Fox-Hunting, in the 13th Century ·· 206
Earliest English Book on Hunting ·· 208
Crim Con.—Lingham *v.* Hunt ···· 209
More of the Oatlands' Stakes ···· 211
Country Coachman's Epistle ···· 212
Musical Swindler ···· 212
Sporting with Ghosts and Sharks in the Red Sea ···· 213
Four-Handed Cribbage, a Curious Case at ···· 217
Construction of Stables, &c. ···· 218
Curricle and Horses ···· 220
Feast of Wit ···· 221
Sporting Intelligence ···· 224

POETRY.

Songs, from the New Pantomimes of "Love and Magic; or, Harlequin's Holiday"—and "Harlequin's Habeas; or, the Hall of Spectres." ·· 229
New Parodies of Shakespeare ···· 230
Songs, &c.—From Family Quarrels. 230
Favourite Hunting Songs ···· 231

Embellished with, I. *Colt bred by Lord Bolingbroke, from a Painting by Mr. Stubbs, engraved by Mr. Scot, in his best manner.*

II. *Curricle and Horses, from a Design by Sartorious the Younger, engraved by Englehart.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

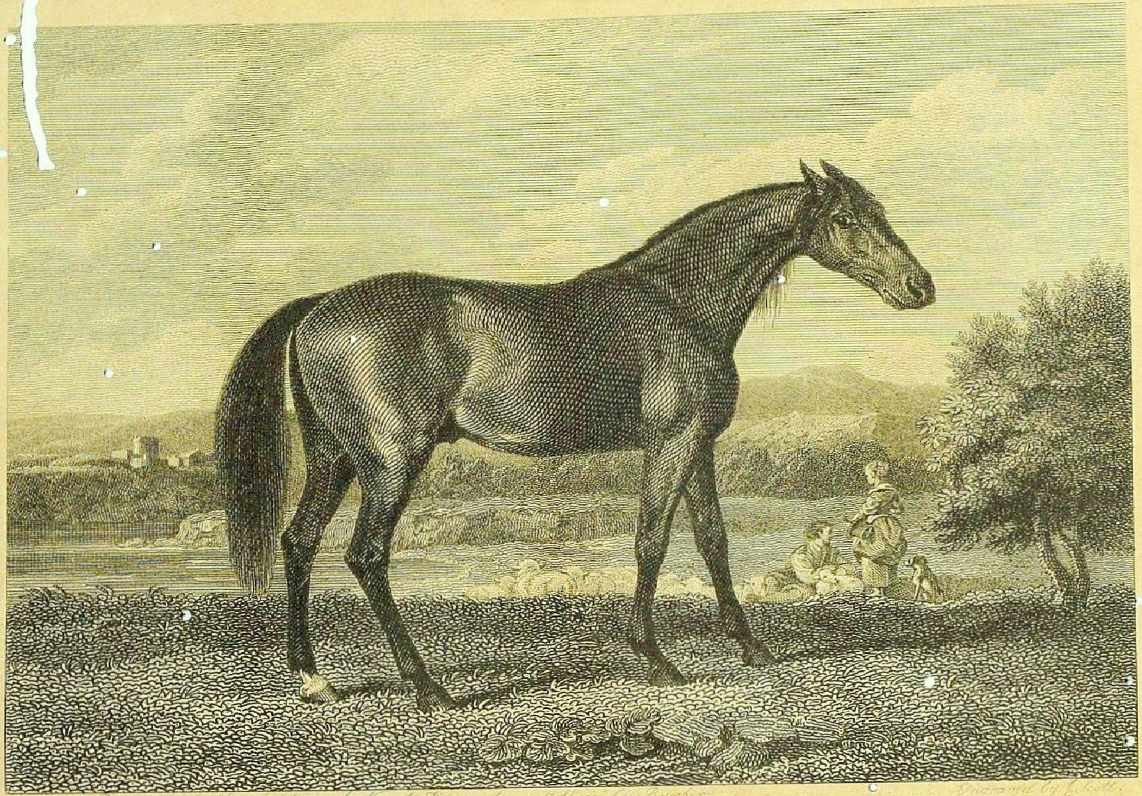
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Antideluvian, in answer to Philostatus, is received, and shall appear in our next.

A Fashionable Sportsman, will see his favour in the latter part of our Feast of Wit.

T. N's. Entertaining Communications, in our our next—their having been mislaid, prevented their appearance this month.

J. J. B. will perceive that we have availed ourselves of the principal part of his last favours.



The Horse Painted by [illegible] Landscape by Vernet. Figures dog and Sheep by Boucher. Engraved by J. Scott.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1803.

COLT BRED
BY
LORD BOLINGBROKE.

FROM A PAINTING BY MR. STUBBS.

Engraved by Mr. SCOTT, *in his best manner.*

THE original painting from which this print is taken, is one of the most beautiful ever seen. —We no doubt shall, at some future period, obtain the name and subsequent performances of the colt. At present, we have it only in our power to state, that the original picture was given to Mr. Monnet, when he was last in England, in 1766, by Lord Bolingbroke. The horse was painted by Stubbs; the landscape, by the celebrated marine painter, Vernet; and the two figures, the dog and the sheep, by Boucher, first painter to the King of France.

FOX HUNTING.

MR. WARD'S HOUNDS.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to accommodate our friends with every recital of sport worthy their attention; we feel, a double pleasure in the present opportunity of communicating authentic particulars of the late singular chase with Mr. Ward's hounds, who hunt the Daventry and Northampton district, and have for years, in the excellence of the hounds, and the celebrity of the riders, been held inferior to no one establishment in the kingdom: with sporting amateurs, the hounds, horses, and men, are too well known to need the aid of literary panegyric. On Monday, the 2d of January, soon after throwing off, with a numerous field, they unkenneled at Marston Wood, between Welford and Harborough; breaking covert favourably for the pack, they went away well at him, the scent laying breast high, over Sibbertoft, Stothorpe, Theddingworth, Laughton, Lubenham, and Foxton; where, luckily for both hounds, horses, and horsemen, he had nearly run into a coursing party. Catching sight of the greyhounds he instantly headed, and, foiling his pursuers, brought the hounds to a short check; but, by their indefatigable exertions they soon hit him off again: and upon settling to the scent, renewed their former speed, and soon ran to a view, but of short duration; for, boldly breaking which, he led them over Saddington, Smeaton, Kibworth, Fleckney, Wistow, Newton Harcourt, Glenn, Oadby, Stoughton, Great Stretton, Norton, and to Galby. Here it was for a

few minutes thought, he had a chance to beat them, for a change in the atmosphere, or the soil, so varied the scent, that the hounds gradually slackened their pace, and absolutely picked it along in cold hunting for more than an hour, over Frisby to Billesden, and under the covert side of Billesden Coplow, over Cold Newton, Skeffington, and Tilton on the Hill, where they hunted up to him in a style of persevering excellence exceeding description. Upon his being hallooed from the hedge row, they took to him with renovated vigour; and, clapping at him pretty close to his brush, he had no alternative but to run short, being too much exhausted to face a new country; when, after another burst of a quarter of an hour, most of the time in view, he was killed in the most sporting-like manner, having led a chace of four hours and a quarter, through twenty-six parishes, and derived no advantage from covert but once during the whole. The distance from Marston Wood to the furthest point the hounds reached, is in a straight line, said by the natives of the spot, to be twenty-seven miles: but the circle they ran is impartially said to be between thirty-five and forty. Bolder riding was never seen, and many never saw the end of the chace: that, however, was no disgrace. The hounds were unavoidably left at the kennel of Lord Sefton; and Colonel Ward, with the true and invincible spirit of a sportsman, placed his huntsman in a post-chaise and four, and taking a seat by the side of him, arrived at [illegible]gton about 11 o'clock in the evening, to hunt the next day, which they did, and had another good run.

[The foregoing is from a Correspondent who can best describe a Fox Chase of any gentleman we know. If the following are not written in the same sportsman-like manner, it is because they are acquired from other sources, and from those more accustomed to *write* than to *ride*. This, however, will not apply to the next short article, but to some of those which come after it.]

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

THE Duke of Grafton's hounds, as they are still called, though now resigned to Lord Southampton, met at the Hyde, Hengrave, on Monday morning, 27th ult, to a very full field, consisting of one hundred and fifty horsemen, among whom were, his Grace, the Earl of Euston, Lord Southampton, Lord Charles Fitzroy, Lord Brome, and almost all the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood. They did not find, however, till after two o'clock, near Ixworth; when, after a hard run of above two hours, and it being nearly dark, Reynard took to earth, and escaped the vigilance of his pursuers.

MR. NEWNHAM'S HOUNDS.

ON Monday, the 10th instant, a bag fox was turned out by Knight's rails, before Mr. H. Newnham's hounds, of Newtimber, Sussex. The field displayed upwards of fifty horsemen, and many of rank, to enjoy the diversion which Reynard promised to bestow. The morning, though the wind blew fresh from the North, was not altogether unfavourable; and Reynard, on being exposed to his pursuers, went off in a capital style: taking a North-east direction, he passed Mr. Drew's barn, and took over Barncombe Hill, where, inclining to the left, he soon after crossed the Honfield Road, took the whole length

length of the Downs by the Devil's Dyke, dashed through the Furze Field at Southwick, and made briskly for Mr. Bridger's plantation, where, the dogs being hard at his brush, he nearly threadled the cover, crossed by New Shoreham Church, and stood on for Erringhamshaw; but being headed by a shepherd's dog ere he could gain his point, he turned suddenly off to the left, and boldly took to the river, a short distance above Old Shoreham Bridge, the hounds following him through the water in the most spirited and handsome manner. Unfortunately the tide being at flood, the current was so strong, that Reynard's attempts to reach the opposite shore proved fruitless, the dogs surrounding him about the centre of the river, speedily terminated his life, and then left his body to the sport of the wind and tide. The sportsmen in general were highly satisfied with the morning's diversion; an hour and thirty-five minutes they had ran without check. The only regret expressed was by some intrepid riders, who at all risks had determined, if possible, to be in at the death, that circumstances would not admit of their gallantry disputing the honour of the brush.

YORKSHIRE HOUNDS.

An extraordinary fox chace took place in the North, the middle of this month. The fox was uncovered about two miles from Doncaster, and led his pursuers to Notall, in Nottinghamshire, a distance of sixty miles. Four sportsmen were in at the death.

STAG HOUNDS.

The latter end of December, Mr. Barwell's stag hounds roused a deer near Lumley Seat, on the borders of Sussex, and Hants, which took through Lord George Lennox's Park, towards the sea coast; and, after a chase of more than twenty-five miles, in less than two hours, was killed near Lavant. The only gentlemen in at the death were, Mr. M. Turner, and Mr. Watts, jun. of Stanstead.

HARE HUNTING.

MR. ANDREWS'S HARRIERS.

Monday the 27th ult. Mr Andrews's harriers, at Harlastone, in Northamptonshire, had an excellent run of three hours. There were present, besides the highly-respected proprietor of the hounds, and the customary gentlemen attendant on the hunt, Lords Camden and Corke, the Honourable Robert Spencer, and several other noble *fox-hunters*, who were so well pleased with Mr. A's staunch harriers, as to promise themselves the pleasure of frequently joining them.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HARRIERS.

On Friday, the day before Christmas day, the Prince of Wales's harriers, at Brighton, threw off near the race stand. The field was very respectably attended, and some very excellent sport ensued. A gentleman, of the name of Cottle, a staunch sportsman, and one of the most constant attendants of the hunt, in returning home through Patcham, his horse, at a sudden blaze of light from a blacksmith's forge, started, and fell. The rider, through his spur entangling in the saddle-cloth, as the horse rose, hung dangerously suspended with his head towards the ground.

ground; but we are happy to state, received no injury, as the horse attempted not to move until his master was released from his perilous situation. The poor animal's knees were dreadfully lacerated, and, though valued at one hundred guineas, is supposed will never be fit for the field again.

On the 21st inst. the same Pack threw off at the race hill. and, after much excellent sport, killed a brace of hares. The last was started in a furze-field near the race stand, which, with astonishing speed, crossed many tremenduously steep hills, making towards Rottingdean, when, suddenly turning, she recrossed the Downs, descended into the Lewes turnpike road, took a circle round the Brighton barracks, again made for the hills, and was at length overtaken by the deep-toned pack, within a few yards of the furze-field from whence the chase had commenced, after a severe run of at least twelve miles. Very few sportsmen were in at the death.

COURSING.

THE following Greyhound matches were run at Cheveley, on Tuesday the 28th ult. between two parties of gentlemen, one from the fens, the other from the neighbourhood of Newmarket.

Mr. Whiting's dog Trial, against Mr. Westhorp's bitch Fly, which was won by the former.

Mr. Merchant's dog Shark, against Mr. Reynold's dog Hector, which was won by the former.

Mr. Saberton's dog Spring, against Mr. Cooper's bitch Venus, which was won by the former.

Mr. Skeells's dog Spring, against Mr. Dobito's dog Snowball, which was won by the latter.

On Thursday se'nnight, a person in the neighbourhood of Haddenham, Cambridgeshire, was convicted before the Rev. Cæsar Morgan, Doctor in Divinity, and the Rev. William Metcalfe, Clerk, two of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Isle of Ely, of Coursing *on the Lord's day*, and paid the penalty of L. 10 imposed by the act of 13 Geo III. cap. 80. for the offence, with all costs. We hope this will serve as a caution to others, and be the means of putting a stop to a custom so highly disgraceful to a Christian country.

Lord Craven's meeting, at Ashdown Park, Berks, takes place the first open week in February. Unfortunately, the hares are very much diminished on this favourite ground since the dismissal of the old keeper.—The next month's meeting of the Newmarket Coursing Club is expected to afford superior sport, from the skilful manner in which the most capital dogs are classed. The renewed Swaffham Club feel themselves stout enough already to challenge a contest with any similar society in England. The ill-earned fame of the Northern race of Snowballs is nearly melted away.

Newmarket Coursing Meeting is fixed for Monday the 7th of February, and the five following days.

An offer has been sent to Mr. Charles Stein, the owner of the Fife-shire greyhound who won the Cup at Kinross, to produce five dogs of the breed of Snowball, who should run his dog for any sum he pleased, at the next Malton Meeting, in February. The challenge has not been accepted.

MATCHES

MATCHES AGAINST TIME.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Send you the account of a match against time, for insertion in your Sporting Magazine. I remain, Sir, Your humble servant, C. C.

Dorchester, Jan. 18, 1803.

A Chesnut hackney mare, a descendant of Sir F. Pooles Staring Tom, the property of Mr. Triggs, of the Swan, Chichester, was lately matched against time, for a trifling wager, to go from the market-cross in the above city to the fifteen mile stone on the Portsmouth road, and back again three several times, making in the whole ninety miles, in nine hours, allowing the animal for rest and refreshment three hours. She accordingly started at five o'clock yesterday morning, and went the first thirty miles in two hours and 15 minutes: started again at nine, and performed the second thirty miles in two hours and twenty minutes: was started the third time at a quarter before two, and completed her task at five minutes before four; having been only six hours and forty-five minutes on the road; two hours and a quarter within the time assigned. A boy aged only ten years, son to Mr. Meads, of Chichester, rode the mare with great ability, and with much apparent ease.

On Thursday the 13th, a bet was decided between —— Pepper, a butcher, and —— Wood, a baker, of Dover. They started on two fine horses, that had been prepared for the purpose, from the Red Cow, at Dover, for Hythe, about eleven miles distant, and were attended by a vast concourse of people. Wood's horse fell down about three quarters of amile from Hythe, and the butcher was in about four minutes before his antagonist. The race was performed in forty minutes, and many bets were depending.

A Young tradesman of Lincoln has wagered twenty guineas, p. p. that he rides a certain mare, now in his possession, from Lincoln to Manchester, and back again, in forty-eight hours. He is to start on Wednesday the 9th of February, or pay forfeit. The odds, at present, are in his favour. Manchester is about 90 miles from Lincoln, so that he will have 180 miles to travel on the said mare in the above time. Should the roads and weather prove good, he is likely to accomplish the task.

BOXING.

TUESDAY the 18th instant was fixed upon to be a busy day among the bruisers. O'Donnel, the young Irishman, who is considered by his countrymen as the redeemer of their reputation in the boxing line, was matched to fight Henigan, a new candidate for pugilistic fame, near Dulwich, for twenty guineas aside. Tom Johnson's brother, known by the name of Jacklin, made the match on the part of Henigan. On the Monday, Jacklin and his hero were surprised by a visit from Amstrong, one of the officers from Worship-street. They were both taken before the magistrates there, who obliged them to find sureties in L.400 each to keep the peace for six months. Henigan, however, considering this restriction might prove a fatal blow to his rising genius, determined at all risks to give his opponent the meeting, and accordingly repaired to the spot, accompanied by several hundreds of his associates, who applauded his resolute spirit. O'Donnell not being acquainted with this movement,

movement, supposed the battle at an end (when his opponent was taken into custody) and therefore did not appear. The whole assemblage consequently returned fatigued and disappointed. Two other battles were also to have been fought the same day, on the same spot; but the combatants fearing an interruption from the police officers, agreed that the trial of their skill and strength should take place on the memorable spot where Belcher and Burke last fought, behind St. George's Row, near the Paddington Canal. The parties keeping their appointment, the ring was formed for them at twelve o'clock, when David, a patent-heel-maker, and Smith, a shoemaker, made their bow to the spectators, and were ready to set to. Smith was quite a Goliath to David; but the little man was expected to subdue him from his superior knowledge of the art. The battle lasted three quarters of an hour, and consisted of thirty-five rounds; never was seen more hard fighting. The first five rounds were considerably in favour of little David, but Smith had the best of the remainder of the battle. David, however, had not the mortification of acknowledging himself conquered, as it so happened, that Smith gave him a blow on the side while in the act of falling; but which it was maintained by David's friends was after he had reached the ground, and was consequently a foul blow. David was then taken away.

COGAN, a painter, and Wallam, a jack-ass-lad, next entered the ring. Wallam evinced a great deal of science, but he could not stand against the powerful strength of his opponent: by his art and dexterity, he, however, spun out the battle near an hour, during which time there were thirty-seven severe rounds. Wallam was often requested to give it; but it appears he partook a great deal of the nature of his ass; he was obstinate, and took a good deal of beating. At length he was taken away, and Cogan declared victor.

GRAND SANS PRENDRE.

THE following article appeared in the Salisbury Journal of the 17th inst. and the subsequent letter in the same Paper of the 23d.—A few evenings since, two parties playing at quadrille, at a lady's house in the Isle of Wight, it so happened, that in the course of the evening, a "grand sans prendre" was played at *each table*—a circumstance which very seldom occurs.

MR. PRINTER,

HAVING seen in your paper of last week that an extraordinary circumstance had happened of two ladies in the Isle of Wight, playing each a *grand sans prendre* at one house the same evening, I beg to offer to the public a circumstance still more worthy their attention; that one lady, in my presence, played at Winchester last year, the same evening, at the same table, and with the same party, two *grand sans prendres*. This very rare incident I beg may not to be omitted in your next Salisbury Journal. E. T.

SEA-DOG.

AN enormous fish, commonly called a Sea-Dog, was lately thrown upon the coast of France, about six leagues from Bologne, after combating for thirty-six hours, with a large whale, which immediately made for the coast of England. The fish, which was soon taken, was found to be thirty-one feet in length, and twenty-four in circumference.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF NEWMARKET.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AMONG the various *markets* with which this country abounds, there are few perhaps better known to our readers than this: at least the name must be very familiar to the sporting world. Presuming that a history of this celebrated place will not be unacceptable, I have extracted the following from a popular and interesting publication, entitled "The Beauties of England and Wales," which is now publishing.

Newmarket has long been celebrated in the annals of horsemanship for its extensive heath, which, in the neighbourhood of this town, has been formed into one of the finest race-courses in the kingdom. The diversion of horse-racing, though undoubtedly practised in this country at the time of the Romans, does not appear to have made any considerable progress, but rather became extinct, till the accession of James the First, who again introduced it from Scotland, where it came into vogue from the spirit and swiftness of the Spanish horses which had been wrecked in the vessels of the Armada, and thrown ashore on the coasts of Galloway. From this period it came more into fashion, and Newmarket had probably some kind of a racing establishment as early as the reign of this monarch, who erected a house here, which was destroyed in the civil wars, but was rebuilt by that distinguished patron of the turf, Charles the Second, and is still the residence of the sovereign when he visits Newmarket. The idea of improving the breed of horses, has, in a certain degree, induced the legislature to encourage this species of gambling; and even the throne seems to patronize its continuance; for, in addition to the plates given by the nobility, the King himself gives one or two every year.

The chief part of this town is situated in Suffolk; but the whole of the race course, on whose attractive charms its support chiefly depends, is in Cambrigeshire. Most of the houses are modern, and well built; and many of them, which have been erected as residences for the nobility and private gentlemen, who attend the races, are extremely handsome. Two of the coffee-houses are very conveniently furnished for the use of the Betters, when they meet to ratify their agreements, or settle matches. Billiard and other rooms are also prepared for the reception of those gentlemen who prefer games of skill or hazard to the more boisterous diversions of the Turf; and excellent accommodations for visitors may be found in the numerous inns with which the town is provided. The races are held twice a year, in the Easter week, and in the month of October.

The houses are chiefly disposed in one long and wide street, partly erected on the gentle declivity of a hill. The town has been twice destroyed by fire: the first time in the year 1683, during the presence of Charles the Second, his Queen, and the Duke of York. The damages were estimated at L.20,000; but the expences of rebuilding were in part defrayed by a subscription. The second fire was about the commencement of the last century. The two churches here do not contain any thing remarkable; that of St. Mary, on the north side of the street, is in Suffolk: the other, on the south, is in Cambridgeshire: but is only a chapel of ease to the mother-church

at Wood-Ditton. The inhabitants of the Suffolk division are 1307; those of the Cambridgeshire side only 485. Newmarket gave birth to Thomas Merks, bishop of Carlisle, who became famous from his steady adherence to Richard the Second, for which he was degraded to be titular bishop of Samos, &c. Several coins of Trajan, one of Faustina, and one of Maximianus Heraclius, were found near the heath about fifty years since.

ON

THE FRIVOLITY OF SELECT PARTIES, &c.

" Gaudet equis canibusque."

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE very ingenious and lively descriptions of the chase and its votaries, through the medium of your popular miscellany, having long amused and much delighted the public, I am induced to trouble you with a wish that some of your sporting correspondents would feel themselves inclined to give us a correct history of the chase in former times; and regularly deduce the modes and manners of the most eminent sportsmen, from the *Pen ewn Ddyn* of the ancient British, to the professors of the present day.

The life of Mr. Hastings is finely pourtrayed in a late publication *, and I recollect hearing my father relate the benevolent acts and open hospitality of Draper and Darley, of Selby and Salusbury, those well founded favourites of society. The great and never to be forgotten Marquis of Granby displayed the true spirit of English liberality during his time, dining constantly on hunting days at the George Inn, Grantham, where he was known to receive most affably, amateurs of the chase from every part of the kingdom, who were desirous of improving their knowledge under the auspices of his lordship, and the practice of his old huntsman Bob Pearson. This was a general table or hunting ordinary, where his lordship presided, and where Dr. Storer, who was his secretary in Germany, as well as the Rev. Mr. Stevens, gave a sanction of propriety and decency to all men, who came to enjoy the conversation and affability of that dignified hero, who was the admiration of mankind.

Gentlemen, the spirit of Englishmen is by no means abated, but increased individually and conjunctively beyond all former examples; yet I can but lament that some evil genius, some foe to humanity has infused the odious idea, the frivolous adoption of selection and distinction. Every party must be select, every company must be distinct, and nothing will gratify a mass of animated clay possessing a title, property, or pride, a substitute for both, but a total and insensible separation from his supporters, his tenants, and his homebred natural neighbours, for the insipid assemblage and dull inanity of persons of the *haut ton*. It is impossible to be ranked in the list of fashionables, unless you are a member of the Leicester, the Warwick, or Salisbury hunt; nothing is good but at Brookes's, Boodle's, Carr's, Martindale's, or the Union; once established there, sans sense, sans feeling, sans propriety or property, you are entitled to exhibit more ridiculous consequence, and shew more importance in personal *hauteur*, than the wreath-bound de-

* Daniel's Rural Sports; and page 79 of Sporting Mag. Vol. XI.

fender

fender of his king and country from the banks of the Nile, or the unparalleled thunder before Copenhagen.

The most superficial observation daily points out the prevalent foibles and reigning follies of the present day: classical erudition, and academical expression, seem to have been superseded by inexplicable jargon, and flighty ambiguity; the gentleman and the scholar equally "start and stand aghast" at the "monstrous change," wondering how it was made, or by what magic it was effected. The vacant stare, the empty sound, the Brutus wig, and the "infinite nothingness" of fashion, with the collateral aid of hounds and horses, constitute the excellence of life, with all the distinguishing traits of individual superiority. Little is to be heard even in the Bond Street vortex of sublimity, but the essence of duplicity, the effervescence of detraction, and the destructive deception of the Turf. "What are the odds Muff against Snuff Box?"—"I'll bet six to four Froth against Flimsey, or take two to one nobody names the winner."—The whole is nought but horse, and each man appears,

"As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast"—he bestrides.

If the hideous monster Faction, though so recently subdued, has again dared to lift its malignant head, it is not against the sacred person of our most gracious and beloved Sovereign that complaints are heard, or uttered—all admit there never was so good a king, all admit there never was a better man—but against opulent pride and personal consequence; against those gigantic strides of aristocratic ambition, which, disuniting itself from the great and useful body of the people, and from society at large, destroys the basis of mutual confidence, and alienates affection. The loyalty of the nation in general, and the constitution under which we live, are equally invulnerable to the factious and abortive efforts of a few miserable and discontented individuals, whose objections and antipathies are not directly levelled at the very source of power by which we are so happily protected, but at that mass of inconsistency, who, formed into societies and clubs, abstracted from their constituents, in direct contradiction to the manners, and in open violation of the measures of their ancestors, "herd together," and never attend to, are known by, or connect themselves with, their country neighbours; those staunch friends and sporting associates of their forefathers, those examples of dignity, respect, and hospitality.

I beg to say in the language of a well known writer "I like not the fashion"—"Let it be changed," and common sense, that best criterion, will soon point out the characters best qualified to force themselves upon the public notice, catch the distinction, and obtain the plaudits of an approving world.

"For use can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out,
With wondrous potency."

The numerous and recent contested elections evince the folly, the absurdity, and political inconsistency of this unprecedented alienation. The face of the whole country, travel which way you will, presents nothing but piles of expence, useless ornaments, waste of property, and proofs of prodigality; while those ten times more worthy members of society, the gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders, those fixed inhabitants, know no more of these nabobs, placemen, pensioners, commissaries, and contractors, than they do of a burgomaster of Amsterdam. The labourers'

labourers' wifes and afflicted rustics seek a "Lady Bountiful" in vain; and the poor patient peasantry know no more of my Lord, my Lady, or the new made knight, than what they can collect from the steward, the lawyer, the gardener, or the gamekeeper. I am afraid in this my first essay I have obtruded too much upon the room allotted to subjects of a variegated description; but, should it lay claim to your attention, and be thought worthy insertion, I shall with your permission upon a future occasion,

——"Wring their hearts, for so I shall,
If damned custom has not braz'd them so,
That they be proof and bulwark against sense."

I am happy to acknowledge myself
A constant reader, and
Your's most truly,
BENEVOLUS.

Prince of Wales's Coffee-House, Conduit Street, Dec. 18, 1802.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

THE Dog has long been held out to excel every other species of the brute creation in its attachment to man. For domestic uses no animal has been found more serviceable to the human race, and its actions have so often bordered on rationality, as to render repeated incidents almost incredible. However the reader may conceive the following relation to be exaggerated, it may be relied on as a fact.

Donald Archer, a grazier near Paisley in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service the animal performed with the utmost vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it: whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and, when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house; and, notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he could not be found.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence as to cause him to look for a place of shelter; and not being able to perceive any house at hand, he struck out of the main road, and ran towards a wood that appeared at some distance, where he escaped the storm by skulking under the trees: it was thus he insensibly departed from the proper way he had to go, until he had actually lost himself, and knew not where he was. He travelled, however, according to the best of his judgment, though not without the fear of meeting danger from the attack of robbers, whose depredations had lately been the terror of the neighbouring country. A smoke that came from some bushes convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it was prudent to go, that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path and came to the door, knocked, and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated in a room that wore but a very indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly

hardly before the fire when he was saluted with every degree of surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at so unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home; he did not, however, think proper to inquire of his host at that time how he came into his possession, as the appearance of every thing about him rendered his situation very unpleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather still continued rainy, and no opportunity presented the unfortunate grazier of pursuing his journey; his care, however, was to learn of the landlord where he was, who informed him that he was fourteen miles from Paisley, and that if he ventured out again before daylight it was almost impossible for him to find the way, as the night was so bad; but, if he chose to remain where he was, every thing should be done to render his situation comfortable. The grazier was at a loss how to behave; he did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family—to go out in the wood, during the dark, and to encounter the violence of the conflicting elements, might, in all probability, turn out more fatal, than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the morning, let the event be what it would. After a short conversation with the landlord, he was conducted to a room, and left to take his repose. It is necessary to observe that, from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller revolved in his mind, the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those about the house; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed; and, by several extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror: the floor was stained with blood, that seemed to flow out of a closet which was secured by a lock, which he attempted to explore, but could not open it. Not any longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches in whose society he had got, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible; and to perish in the attempt, or effect his deliverance. With this determination he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect, like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction: he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation, that was held by several persons, whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intention. The villainous landlord was informing them in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him, for that purpose. Alarmed, as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavours to save his life; he therefore, without hesitation, burst in amongst them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest of his gang were struck with astonishment, at so sudden an attack, while the grazier made for

the

the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran, until the day light presented a house, and the main road, at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen, to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party, that were quartered upon him; the sergeant of which accompanied the grazier, in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog, were now more than ever rendered conspicuous; for, by running before the company, and his singular behaviour, he led them to the spot they were proceeding to find. On entering the house, all had deserted, not a creature appeared to be on the premises; they therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller, who has since been advertised through all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire place, with his feet, in such a manner as raised the curiosity of all present; the sergeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck, by the grazier. The wretches, in their quick retreat, had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus, was the life of a man preserved by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped. And the same grazier is now living at Paisley, to confirm this account; with many other instances of singular conduct, found in this extraordinary dog.

EXCELLENCE AND SUPERIORITY OF THE ASSES OF EGYPT.

IT is indisputable that the hotest and driest climates are most favourable to horses, since those of Arabia, Persia, Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, stand foremost in beauty and vigour. Asses likewise, of a species nearly related to them, attain the greatest excellence of figure and qualities in the same climates, which appear natural to them. In proportion to their distance from these, they degenerate, so that those of northern countries lose all resemblance to those of the south. If this degeneration be not so perceptible with regard to horses, very fine ones being to be found in the north, it is because Europeans have changed the nature of these animals in their country, by procuring mares and stallions from abroad, forming studs, crossing breeds, and lavishing the minutest attention upon them, while they have not only been careless respecting the breed of their asses, but have degraded it, by almost total neglect and unmerited contempt. Badly fed, still worse attended, oppressed by heavy burdens, and illtreated by blows, the ass of our country is unquestionably a wretched slave. Degraded as low as possible, he serves only the meanest of men, for whom he performs every thing his impaired condition will allow. His name has become that of dullness and stupidity. Yet he is docile, gentle, patient, and temperate

temperate to excess. Did neither the horse nor the ox exist in our country, he would be held there in the highest estimation. But this is not the only instance where modest and useful simplicity, placed by the side of more brilliant and active qualities, has been rewarded by ingratitude, and excited derision.

How different this sorry and degraded animal from the asses of Egypt and Arabia, which, as well as the horses of those countries, are superior to any in the universe! Some are to be found there of great height; and these are most valued and esteemed, accasionally selling at a higher price than even horses themselves. Still, whatever be their height, their heads are well placed, their eyes are brisk, and their bodies are plump. They have elegance in their attitudes, gracefulness in their movements; nobleness and almost haughtiness in their carriage. Their foot is sure, their step is light, and their paces quick, brisk, and easy. In short, they are very pleasing to ride. All travellers have praised this fine species of animal. Peter della Vale, who was a long time in the east, relates, that the people there do not scruple to ride upon asses, that they trot wonderfully, and that he has been ready to die with laughing at the sight. For my part, I was greatly surprised at it. In Egypt, people not only ride on asses without hesitation, but, as I have already observed, they were the only animals on which Christians of any country were allowed to appear in the capital. The Mahometan merchants, and the most opulent of the inhabitants used them, and carriages being unknown in this country, ladies of the highest rank, even the wives of the beys themselves, had no other for their equipages.

I once happened to meet the the whole *haram* of a bey, taking an airing in the environs of Cairo. An equivocal figure, a eunuch, with a mean and ferocious countenance, preceded the ladies on a fine horse, covered with gold, silver, and embroidery. These ladies were mounted on asses of the highest price. Their bridles glittered with silver and gold, and a magnificent piece of tapestry covering the saddle and crupper, reached down to the ground.

The asses of Egypt have at least as much vigour as beauty. They readily perform the longest journies. More hardy than horses, and less difficult with regard to the quality or quantity of their food, they are preferred for journies across the desert Most of the mussulman pilgrims, use them for the long and laborious journey to Mecca; and the chiefs of the Nubian caravans, which are sixty days in passing immense solitudes, ride upon asses, that do not appear fatigued when they arrive in Egypt.

The crust of their hoofs is defended by thin and light shoes. The saddles they wear, are shaped like pack-saddles, rounded, and heightened by a pad softly stuffed, on which the rider sits much farther back than on a horse. The stirrups, which are shaped nearly like our's, have only a slight bar at bottom the breadth of three fingers. Men ride without any housings; but for women a piece of tapestry more or less rich, and sometimes reaching to the ground, is laid over the saddle. The asses are bridled in the same manner as the horses. In the principal streets of Cairo, and in the squares, they stand for hire, ready bridled and saddled. The person who lets them, accompanies his ass, running behind to goad him on, and cry out to those who walk on foot to make way. When on a journey, the rider himself carries in his hand a little stick pointed with iron

iron, with which he pricks his beast on the withers.

When the rider alights, he has no occasion to tie up his ass. He merely pulls the rein of the bridle tight, and passes it over a ring in the fore part of the saddle, which, confining the head of the beast, is sufficient to make him remain quietly in his place.

Though the Arabs do not take quite so much pains to preserve the breed of their asses, as they do for promoting the excellence of their horses; it may be said, with truth, that asses are no where attended with so much care as in Egypt and Arabia. They are regularly rubbed down and washed; which renders their coat smooth, soft, and glossy; and their food is the same as that of horses, commonly consisting of chopped straw, barley, and small beans.

To add to the species of useful animals, or, which is the same thing, to improve them, so as to render them more useful, is to increase the advantages of public and private economy. If, without remitting our attentions to the horse, we deigned to pay a little regard to the ass, though placed by nature second in the scale, we could not fail to be gainers. For the attainment of this useful object, it would be necessary to cross the breed. Arabian or Egyptian males would improve the offspring of our females in strength and beauty; and these, by repeated crossings, would produce, with time and care, an excellent breed of animals, suited to the majority in expence, and not destitute of pleasing qualities.

The handsomest asses seen at Cairo, come from Upper Egypt and Nubia. On ascending the Nile, the influence of climate on these animals is perceptible, they being of the greatest beauty in Saïd, while, toward the Delta, they are inferior in all respects. So true it is, that they owe their excellencies to great heat, and extreme drought. In countries, which, though very hot, are at the same time wet, they are but indifferent: for, in India, and even the southernmost parts of the peninsula, which are nearer to to the equator, but likewise more humid, than Arabia, Nubia, and Thebaid, the asses are small, dull, weak, and ill-shaped.

From the excellent qualities of the Egyptian asses, it is not to be wondered, that they have been objects of luxury. The opulent vied in keeping asses of the highest price. To the Europeans settled at Cairo, this was an indemnification for their restraint from riding on horseback, to which they were condemned. But this species of luxury attracted the attention of government in 1779. It was then deemed indecorous, that foreign merchants, abominated on account of their religion, should ride upon animals superior to even those kept for the wives of the beys themselves. This was sufficient to bring upon the European merchants a forced contribution, an *avanie* of four or five thousand franks, which they were obliged to pay, for having kept fine asses; and which, in the east, were at all times among the number of animals most valued. They formed part of the wealth of the ancient patriarchs, as they still do of the wandering nations in the same countries. The Egyptians alone, abominated them. To them they were the execrated emblem of the evil genius of Typhon; of that giant-monster with a hundred heads, and a hundred mouths, vomiting flame, the son of Earth and Tartarus, who had dared to wage war with the gods, and had at last been cut to pieces by Osiris, one of the deities of Egypt. The inhabitants of Coptos, in particular, so publicly

licly declared their inveterate antipathy to these animals as to throw them down from the summit of a rock; and the people of Busiris and Lycopolis, carried their superstition so far, as to refrain from blowing their trumpets, because, in their opinion, the sound resembled the braying of an ass!

AFRICAN ANIMALS.

Extracted from Barrow's Travels.

"THE Spring-Bok is a gregarious animal never met with but in large herds, some of which, according to the accounts of the peasantry, will amount to the number of ten thousand. The Dutch have given a name to this beautiful creature indicative of its gait. The strength and elasticity of the muscles are so great, that, when closely pursued, he will spring at a single leap from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet. Its usual pace is that of a constant jumping or springing, with all the four legs stretched out, and off the ground at the same time, and at every spring the hair on the rump divides or sheds, and, falling back on each side, displays a surface of snowy whiteness. No dog can attempt to approach the old ones; but the young kids, which were now numerous, were frequently caught after a hard chace. Both old and young are excellent venison; and vast numbers are destroyed by the Dutch farmers, not only for the sake of the flesh, but also for the skins, of which they make sacks for holding provisions and other articles, clothing for their flaves, and, at the time of the capture by the English, for themselves also and children. The poverty and miserable condition of the colony were then so great, that all their numerous flocks and herds were insufficient to procu.e them decent clothing.

"The Gems-Bok is also a very beautiful animal, and of a size much larger than the Spring-Bok. It has none of that timidity which generally marks the character of the Antelope; but, on the contrary, if closely pursued or wounded, will coolly sit down on its haunches, and keep both sportsman and dogs at bay. Its long, straight, sharp-pointed horns, used in defence by striking back with the head, make it dangerous to approach. Dogs are very frequently killed by it; and no peasant, after wounding the animal, will venture within its reach till it be dead, or its strength at least exhausted. The flesh of the Gems-Bock is reckoned to be the best venison that Africa produces.

"The Koodoo is still larger than the Gems-Bok, being about the height of a common-sized Ass, but much longer. Its strong spiral horns are three feet in length, and seem to be very ill adapted for the convenience of the animal in the thick covert which it constantly frequents. The hind part of the dusky mouse-coloured body has several clear white stripes, and, different from most of the genus, on the neck is a short mane: the flesh is dry and without flavour."

Speaking of Ostriches, he says—"On many parts of the great deserts Ostriches were seen scouring the plains and waving their black and white plumes in the wind, a signal to the Hottentots that their nests were not far distant, especially if they wheeled round the place from whence they started up: when they have no nest they make off immediately on being disturbed, with the wing-feathers close to the body. There is something in the economy of this animal different in general from that of the rest of the feathered race. It seems to be the link of union, in the great chain of nature, that connects the winged with the four-footed

four-footed tribe. Its strong-jointed legs and cloven hoofs are well adapted for speed and for defence. The wings and all its feathers are insufficient to raise it from the ground; its camel-shaped neck is covered with hair; its voice is a kind of hollow mournful lowing, and it grazes on the plain with the Quacha and Zebra. Among the very few polygamous birds that are found in a state of nature, the Ostrich is one. The male, distinguished by its glossy black feathers from the dusky grey female, is generally seen with two or three, and frequently as many as five of the latter. These females lay their eggs in one nest, to the number of ten or twelve each, which they hatch altogether, the male taking his turn of sitting on them among the rest. Between sixty and seventy eggs have been found in one nest; and if incubation has begun, a few are most commonly lying round the sides of the hole, having been thrown out by the birds on finding the nest to contain more than they could conveniently cover. The time of incubation is six weeks. For want of knowing the Ostrich to be polygamous, an error respecting this bird, has slipt into the Systema Naturæ, where it is said that one female lays fifty eggs.

Mr. Barrow relates a singular instance of ferocity in a female Zebra, which had been domesticated when young, but had, with age, become extremely vicious. "One of the English dragoons persisted in mounting her. She kicked and plunged, and laid herself down, but to no purpose; the man kept his seat; till, taking a leap from the high bank of the river, she threw him into the water; but, holding fast by the bridle, she had no sooner dragged him to the shore, than, walking up quietly to him, she put her head down to his face, and completely bit off his ear."

CHRISTMAS SPORTS OF THE LONDONERS.

From Strutt's Ancient Sports and Pastimes.

"AT the feast of Christmas," says Stow, "in the king's court, wherever he chanced to reside, there was appointed a *lord of misrule*, or *master of merry disports*; the same merry fellow made his appearance at the house of every nobleman and person of distinction, and among the rest the lord mayor of London and the sheriffs had severally of them their lord of misrule; ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders: this pageant potentate began his rule at All-hallow eve, and continued the same till the morrow after the Feast of the Purification; in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and mummeries."

This master of merry disports was not confined to the court, nor to the houses of the opulent, he was also elected in various parishes, where, indeed, his reign seems to have been of shorter date. A writer, who lived at the close of the sixteenth century, places this whimsical personage, with his followers, in a very degrading point of view. I shall give the passage in the author's own words, and leave the reader to comment upon them. "First of all, the wilde heades of the parish flocking togither, chuse them a graund captaine of mischiefe, whom they innoble with the title of *lord of misrule*; and him they crowne with great solemnity, and adopt for their king. This *king anoynted* chooseth forth twentie, fourtie, threescore, or an hundred lustie guttes, like to himself, to waite upon his lordly majesty, and to guarde his noble person. Then every

every one of these men he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or some other light wanton colour, and, as though they were not gaudy enough, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold ringes, precious stones, and other jewels. This done, they tie aboute either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with riche handkerchiefes in their handes, and sometimes laide acrosse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed, for the most part, of their pretie mopsies and loving Bessies. Thus all thinges set in order, then have they their hobby horses, their dragons, and other antiques, together with their baudie pipers, and thundring drummers, to strike up the devil's daunce withall. Then march this heathen company towards the church, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundring, their stumpes dauncing, their belles jyngling, their handkerchiefes fluttering aboute their heades like madde men, their hobbie horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng: and in this sorte they go to the church, though the minister be at prayer, or preaching, dauncing and singing like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise, that no man can heare his own voyce. Then the foolish people they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon the formes and pewes to see these goodly pageants solemnized. Then, after this, aboute the church they goe againe and againe, and so fourthe into the churche yard, where they have commonly their sommer-halls, their bowers, arbours, and banqueting houses, set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and daunce, all that day, and paradventure all that night too; and thus these terrestrial furies spend the sabbath day. Then, for the further innobling of this honourable *lardane*; lord I should say, they have certaine papers, wherein is painted some babelerie, childish, trifling, or other of imagerie worke, and these they call my lord of misrule's badges of cognizances. These they give to every one that will give them money to maintain them in this their heathenish devilrie;—and who will not shew himself buxome to them, and give them money, they shall be mocked and flouted shamefully; yea, and many times carried upon a cowlstaffe, and dived over heade and eares in water, or otherwise most horribly abused. And so bessotted are some, that they not only give them money, but weare their badges or cognizances in their hats or cappes openly. Another sorte of fantasticall fooles bring to these helhounds, the lord of misrule, and his accomplices, some bread, some good ale, some new cheese, some old cheese, some custardes, some cracknels, some cakes, some flauns, some tartes, some creame, some meat, some one thing, and some another."

The society belonging to Lincoln's Inn, had anciently an officer chosen at this season, who was honoured with the title of *king of Christmas-day*, because he presided in the hall upon that day. This temporary potentate had a marshal and a steward to attend upon him.

The marshal, in the absence of the monarch, was permitted to assume his state; and, upon New-Year's day, he sat as king in the hall, when the *master of the revels*, during the time of dining, supplied the marshal's place. Upon Childermas-day, they had another officer, denominated the *king of the cockneys*, who also presided on the day of his appointment, and had his inferior officers to wait upon him.

Selden asserts, and, in my opini-

on, with great justice, that all these whimsical transpositions of dignity are derived from the ancient Saturnalia, or Feasts of Saturn, when the masters waited upon their servants, who were honoured with mock titles, and permitted to assume the state and deportment of their lords. These fooleries were exceedingly popular, and continued to be practised long after the establishment of Christianity, in defiance of the threatenings and the remonstrances of the clergy, who, finding it impossible to divert the stream of vulgar prejudice, permitted them to be exercised, but changed the primitive object of devotion: so that the same unhallowed orgies, which had disgraced the worship of a heathen deity, were dedicated, as it was called, to the service of the true God, and sanctioned by the appellation of a Christian institution. From this polluted stock branched out variety of unseemly and immoral sports; but none of them more daringly impious, and outrageous to common sense, than the *festival of fools*, in which the most sacred rites and ceremonies of the church were turned into ridicule, and the ecclesiastics themselves participated in the abominable profanations. The following outlines of this absurd diversion, will, no doubt, be thought sufficient.

In each of the cathedral churches there was a *bishop*, or an *archbishop of fools*, elected; and in the churches immediately dependent upon the papal see, a *pope of fools*. The mock pontiffs had usually a proper suit of ecclesiastics who attended upon them, and assisted at the divine service, most of them attired in ridiculous dresses, resembling pantomimical players and buffoons; they were accompanied by large crowds of the laity, some being disguised with masks of a monstrous fashion, and others having their faces smutted; in one instance to frighten the beholders, and in the other to excite their laughter: and some, again, assuming the habits of females, practised all the wanton airs of the loosest and most abandoned of the sex. During the divine service this motley crowd were not contented with singing of indecent songs in the choir, but some of them eat, and drank, and played at dice, upon the altar, by the side of the priest who celebrated the mass. After the service they put filth into the censers, and ran about the church, leaping, dancing, laughing, singing, breaking obscene jests, and exposing themselves in the most unseemly attitudes, with shameless impudence. Another part of these ridiculous ceremonies was, to shave the *precentor of fools*, upon a stage erected before the church, in the presence of the populace; and, during the operation, he amused them with lewd and vulgar discourses, accompanied by actions equally reprehensible. The *bishop*, or the *pope of fools*, performed divine service habited in the pontifical garments, and gave his benediction to the people before they quitted the church. He was afterwards seated in an open carriage, and drawn about to the different parts of the town, attended by a large train of ecclesiastics and laymen, promiscuously mingled together; and many of the most profligate of the latter, assumed clerical habits, in order to give their impious fooleries the greater effect; they had also with them, carts filled with ordure, which they threw occasionally upon the populace, assembled to see the procession. These spectacles were always exhibited at Christmas time, or near to it, but not confined to one particular day. When the ceremony took place upon St. Stephen's-day, they sang, as part of the mass, a burlesque

burlesque composition, called *The Prose of the Ass, or the Fool's Prose.* It was performed by a double choir, and at intervals, in place of a burden, they imitated the braying of an ass. Upon the festival of St. John the Evangelist, they had another arrangement of ludicrous sentences, denominated *The Prose of the Ox*, equally reprehensible.

Grotesque ceremonies, something similar to those abovementioned, certainly took place in England; but probably they were not carried to that extent of impiety, nor so grossly offensive to decency. We had a *king of the fools*, but his office was suppressed at an early period, and not, that I remember, revived in the succeeding times. The election and the investment of the *boy-bishop*, was certainly derived from the *festival of fools.* In all the collegiate churches, at the feast of St. Nicholas, or of the Holy Innocents, and frequently at both, it was customary for one of the children of the choir, completely apparelled in the episcopal vestments, with a mitre and crosier, to bear the title and state of a bishop. He exacted a ceremonial obedience from his fellows, who, being dressed like priests, took possession of the church, and performed all the ceremonies and offices, which might have been celebrated by a bishop and his prebendaries. Colet, dean of St. Paul's, who, though he was "a wise and a good man," countenanced this idle farce; and, in the statutes for his school at St. Paul's, expressly orders that the scholars "shall every Childermas, *that is Innocent's*-day, come to Paule's churche, and hear the *childe byshop's* sermon, and after be at high masse, and each of them offer a penny to the childe byshop; and with them the maisters and surveyors of the schole." After having performed the divine service, the bishop and his associates went about to different parts of the town, and visited the religious houses, collecting money. These ceremonies and processions were formally abrogated by proclamation from the king and council, in the thirty-third year of Henry the Eighth; the concluding clause of the ordinance runs thus: "Whereas heretofore, dyvers superstitious and chyldysh observances have been used, and yet to this day are observed and kept in many and sundry places of this realm, upon St. Nicholas, St. Catherines, St. Clements, and Holy Innocents, and such like holy-daies; children be strangelie decked and apparayled to counterfeit priests, bishops, and women, and so ledde with songs and dances from house to house, blessing the people, and gathering of money; and boyes to singe masse, and preache in the pulpits, with such other unfittinge and inconvenient usages, which tend rather to derysyon than enie true glorie to God, or honour of his sayntes." This idle pageantry was revived by his daughter Mary; and, in the second year of her reign, an edict was issued from the bishop of London, to all the clergy of his diocese, to have a boy-bishop in procession. The year following "the child bishop of Paule's church, with his company," were admitted into the queen's privy chamber, where he sang before her on St. Nicholas-day, and upon Holy Innocents-day. Again the next year, says Strype, "On St. Nicholas-even, *Saint Nicholas*, that is, a boy habited like a bishop *in pontificalibus* went abroad in most parts of London, singing after the old fashion; and was received with many ignorant but well-disposed people into their houses, and had as much good cheer, as ever was wont to be had before. After the death of Mary this silly mummery was totally discontinued.

NEWMARKET

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

Easter Tuesday, April 12.

THE OATLANDS' STAKES of 50gs each, h. ft. and only 10gs forfeit if declared on or before the 14th of January.—Ditch in.—If there should be sixteen Subscribers, or more, after the 10gs forfeits are declared, the Stakes are to be divided, and two classes formed, to run on Tuesday and Wednesday in the same Meeting; and if twenty-four Subscribers, or more, after the 10gs forfeits are declared, the Stakes to be divided, and three classes formed; the first to be run for on Monday, the second on Tuesday, and the third on Wednesday, in the same Meeting.—The forfeits of 10gs are to be given to the owners of the second horses.

	Ages.	*st.*	*lb*
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Rebel	6 yrs	9	6
Lord Sackville's Dick Andrews	5 yrs	9	6
Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail	aged.	9	3
Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ	5 yrs	9	2
Mr. Heming's Kill-Devil	5 yrs	9	1
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Lucan	6 yrs	8	11
Mr. L. Saville's Cinnamon	5 yrs	8	11
Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor	4 yrs	8	11
Mr. Howorth's Popinjay	5 yrs	8	9
Mr. Howard's Chippenham	6 yrs	8	6
Mr. Dawson's Quiz	4 yrs	8	5
Sir F. Standish's Sister to Gouty	4 yrs	7	12
Mr. Bigges's Phœnix	4 yrs	7	10
Sir F. Standish's Duxbury	3 yrs	7	10
Lord Grosvenor's Squire Teazle	4 yrs	7	9
Mr. Coventry's Sir John, by Stride	3 yrs	7	6
Mr. Sitwell's Pipylin	3 yrs	7	6
General Grosvenor's Quick	5 yrs	7	5
Mr. Whaley's Informer	3 yrs	7	5
General Grosvenor's Lady Katherine	6 yrs	7	4
Mr. Ladbroke's Julia, Sister to Eleanor	3 yrs	7	3
Mr. Watson's Striver	4 yrs	6	13
Mr. Heming's Pugilist	4 yrs	6	12
Mr. Lockley's Attainment	4 yrs	6	11
Sir H. Williamson's Walton, by Sir Peter	3 yrs	6	11
Mr. Cresswell's ches. filly, by Buzzard, out of Tulip	4 yrs	6	10
Lord Clermont's Piscator	3 yrs	6	8
Mr. Howorth named Mr. Taylor's Gulliver	3 yrs	6	6
Mr. Kellermann's Fusileer, brother to Recruit	4 yrs	6	5
Lord Grosvenor's Martha, by John Bull, out of Maid of All Work	3 yrs	6	0
Mr. Wyndham's Galloper	3 yrs	5	9
Mr. Wardell's Harefoot, by Benningbrough	3 yrs	5	7

Nominations

Nominations for the Oxford Cup.

Four-year olds, 7st. 7lb. five-year olds, 8st. 7lb. six-year olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Four miles.

Mr. J. Fane's bay mare, Eleanor, 5 yrs old
Mr. A. Craven's ches. horse, Frolic, aged
Mr. Bigges's ches. horse, Phœnix, 5 yrs old
Mr. Sitwell's br. colt Pipylin, 4 yrs old
Mr. Heming's br. horse, Kill-Devil, 6 yrs old
Mr. Cresswell's bay horse, Surprise, 6 yrs old
Mr. Ladbroke's br. filly, Julia, 4 yrs old
Mr. Kellermann's br. horse Pyrrhus, 5 yrs old
Mr. Kellermann's br. horse Fusileer, 5 yrs old
Mr. Harrison's ch. filly, Tulip, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old
Mr. Burton's ches. colt, Modesty, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old

BETTING.

There was little or no betting at Tattersal's, before the forfeits for the Oatlands' were declared; since then several free Handicaps have been proposed.—It has been five to four on Quiz, against Highland-Fling.—We hear that Quiz is well.

A STATE RUINED BY THE ABOLITION OF GAMBLING.

ONE of the chief maxims of the old Venetian rulers, was to encourage gambling and prostitution, and while they pursued this plan, although their capital was the sink of vice, the republic enjoyed a perfect tranquillity, and the state flourished. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that Lord Chesterfield was the cause that the senate of Venice altered their system of immorality, by some bitter reflections his lordship introduced in one of his letters, where he peremptorily forbids his son to visit the city of Venice. This made such an impression on some of the leading senators, that they immediately passed a severe law prohibiting every species of gambling, and ordered the police to take up all the women of easy virtue, and even to abolish masquerading. The consequence of which was, that, in a very short time, the gamblers and the husbands of Penelope commenced Jacobins, and the moment that the French troops made their appearance on the frontiers, they were invited by the multitude, and assisted in surmounting the local obstacles in landing; so that a few French grenadiers conquered the republic without the least difficulty.

GRAND

GRAND FETE.

GIVEN BY

PRINCE POTEMKIN,

TO

THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

From Storch's Picture of Petersburgh.

"THE plan of this entertainment, says the relater, was grand and extraordinary, like all his other plans. A whole month elapsed in preparations; artists of all denominations were constantly employed; whole shops and warehouses were emptied of their goods for furnishing what was wanted; some hundreds of persons assembled daily to work in preparing for the banquet; and each of these days was a brilliant holiday. At length the moment arrived which had kept the whole town on the stretch of expectation, from the preparatives they had seen. The promise of the Empress and the imperial family to grace this day by their presence, was given; the court, the foreign ministers, the nobility, and a great number of respectable persons of both sexes were invited. About six in the evening, the company assembled in masquerade habits. A signal being given as the Empress stepped into her carriage, the treat prepared for the populace in the square before the palace, was uncovered to the greedy multitude, who were assembled on the occasion, in prodigious numbers. Great heaps of all the several articles of cloaths; lofty pyramids of eatables, two oxen roasted whole, and an ample store of liquors, besides a couple of fountains spouting wine, were here delivered as a prey to the rapacious mob.

"The instant the Empress set her foot in the vestibule, a solemn symphony began, the swelling notes resounding from the lofty gallery, through the grand saloon. The orchestra consisted of three hundred performers, vocal and instrumental, in enchanting vicissitudes.—In a few minutes the Empress advanced into the grand hall, followed by the whole company. Here, having taken her seat, on an elevated platform, decorated with transparent paintings, the company dispersed among the colonades, and into the boxes; on which began the second act of this extraordinary spectacle. Four-and-twenty couple of beautiful young ladies and handsome youths of noble families, among whom were the grand-dukes Alexander and Constantine, opened the dances. All were dressed in white, and only distinguished by the colour of their girdles and scarfs. The value of their ornaments was estimated at ten millions of rubles. The music to which they danced, was accompanied with singing; and the famous artist le Picq concluded the scene with a solo.

"The company now proceeded to another apartment hung with costly tapestry. Here stood an artificial elephant, his caparisons being ornamented with emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones. The Persian who attended him, struck on a bell, and this was the signal for another change.

"A curtain sprung up, and a stage magnificently decorated, appeared. Two ballets and a dramatical representation here charmed the surprised audience, in a most extraordinary manner. Full and harmonious music, interrupted by choirs of singers, most delightful dancing, an excessive profusion of pomp, and a display of all the various national dresses of the empire, in their most agreeable costume, here fascinat-

ed

ed all the senses at once. The play being ended, the company separated, and drew off into all the apartments of the palace. A brilliant illumination now struck the amazed eye wherever it turned. The walls and columns seemed to be all on fire; large mirrors fixed in various parts, or placed as pyramids and grottos, multiplied the effect of this unusual sight, and even the whole park seemed to be strewn with sparkling stones.

"A table spread in a manner corresponding with the splendor of the festivity, now awaited the company. Six hundred persons sat down to it, and the rest were served at the sides, and among the pillars of the hall. No other vessels or implements were used but of gold or silver: in lieu of the usual tapers, the table was lighted by coloured vases, having lamps within. A prodigious number of servants, in sumptuous liveries, with the domestic officers, were employed in waiting; and, in all parts, whatever was wanted was had at a nod. Any thing, in the whole province of epicurism, might be asked for without danger of dissappointment.

"The Empress, on that day, made an exception, certainly the first for many years, to her ordinary mode of living; by remaining till midnight, that she might not disturb the satisfaction of her host, and his company. On her entering again the vestibule, a choir of human voices began a hymn, the subject of which was Catharine's glory. The Empress, surprised and affected, was turning to the prince, when he, suddenly overpowered by his feelings, fell on his knee, seized her hand, and moistened it with his tears. A gloomy presentiment seemed to dart across his mind, as with a faultering voice, he, for the last time, expressed his gratitude to his generous patroness."

THEATRICALS.

A HOUSE TO BE SOLD.

DRURY LANE.

THIS is the child of Drury Lane House, and the production of Mr. Cobb. Its secondary title is that of a Musical Piece in two acts. An accident prevented the insertion of our account of it in our Number for December.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Kelson,	Mr. Dowton.
Charles Kelson,	Mr. J. Bannister.
Belfield,	Mr. Kelly.
Hawser,	Mr. Sedgwick.
Matthew,	Mr. Suett.
Melchisedec,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Mrs. Dorville,	Mrs. Sparks.
Charlotte,	Miss De Camp.
Fanny,	Mrs. Bland.

THE FABLE.

Charles Kelson, a young officer in the navy, and his friend Belfield, a composer for the Italian opera, are travelling to Plymouth; when, within a few miles of their journey's end, they find their money run short. They walk a part of the way, but at length, overcome with fatigue and hunger, they seat themselves down on a bench, near the door of Mrs. Dorville's house, which is situated about fifteen miles from Plymouth. Mrs. Dorville's house and the grounds adjoining are to be sold; and the travellers seeing a bill posted on the house, Charles Kelson resolves to gain a dinner, and perhaps a night's lodging, by pretending to be a purchaser. The scheme succeeds; and Mrs Dorville, delighted in the expectation of selling her house, and, mistaking Charles Kelson for his uncle, Captain Kelson, of Plymouth, invites the young adventurers to stay till the next day. They are recognized by Matthew, a Scotch servant

vant of Mrs. Dorville's, who had seen them walking on the road; he is, however, bribed to silence. Charles Kelson accedes to the terms proposed by the old lady for the purchase of the house, and she produces a written agreement, which he signs. It now appears, that Charlotte, the niece of Mrs. Dorville, is attached to Belfield. The two travellers are again nearly discovered by Charlotte's surprise in meeting her lover so unexpectedly. Charles Kelson's address relieves them from this embarrassment, but a more serious event threatens him in the arrival of Captain Kelson, who intends to bid for the house himself. Charles, too, begins to feel that he is involved in an alarming difficulty, by binding himself to purchase a house for five thousand pounds without a shilling in his pocket. Chance, however, extricates him from this critical situation. Melchisedec, a Jew, who has made a fortune by selling slops to sailors, has long wanted to purchase Mrs. Dorville's house at a low price. Finding that it is now sold, he offers Charles an advance on his purchase. The young sailor, finding his anxiety to buy, talks to him of planting trees, and building a wall, to obstruct the view from Melchisedec's house; and at length so far works on the Jew, that he agrees to give him eight thousand pounds for his bargain. Of this sum he pays the widow Dorville five thousand poands, as the purchase-money, and destines the other three thousand pounds as a wedding-gift to Belfield and his constant Charlotte; the generosity of the young sailor is rewarded by his uncle, Captain Kelson, who restores him to favour, and declares him heir to his fortune.

The music is by Mr. Kelly, and the overture contains several pleasing movements, which were highly applauded. The characters were admirably well supported, and excited much pleasantry.

The following is a specimen of one of the characteristic situations, and of the dialogue, from

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Where am I? Why, that's the question I ask. I'm out of my latitude, without oar or compass; in want of provisions and water; and almost foundering.

Bel. Come, Charles, cheer up; we are now near the end of our journey: no more than fifteen miles from Plymouth.

Cha. Fifteen miles! why, man, I could as soon double the Cape in a cockle shell, as walk fifteen miles. No, no; I'll run bump ashore on the first land I can make, to prevent sinking. Ah! a seat—a shady seat. Helm a port, my boys. Here we go. [*Sits down on the garden-chair.*

Bel. My good fellow, consider how far we have to go.

Cha. Look ye, Harry, here I am, safe at anchor, with a smooth sea, and a good bottom—in as pretty a cove as a man could wish for—and curse me, if you float me off in a hurry.

Bel. Indeed! why, then I might as well, myself, cast anchor, as you call it.

Cha. Do; and then we'll overhaul our list of grievances. Ah! you are a pretty pilot! You were always in scrapes at school—and you have been fond of scraping ever since. What a blockhead was I, to venture so many miles from London with a musician! a fellow who

who spins ballads and fandangoes for the Italian opera! whose brains are made up of quavers and crotchets, like the inside of an hand-organ.

Bel. Rather, what a fool was I, to trust myself on so long a journey with a rattling sailor, who has no brains at all, except enough for one idea—that of spending money. We had more than enough for our journey; but you, forsooth, must play the great man, and treat our fellow-travellers.

Cha. Ha! Ha! Ha! but we lived merrily.

Bel. Yes; and here we are fifteen miles from our journey's end—weary, hungry, and without a shilling left in our pockets to get us a dinner or a lodging.

Cha. All this is most lamentably true. Yet if we could but reach Plymouth, I am sure my uncle——

Bel. Your uncle! why, what hopes of him? He has cut you off with a shilling.

Cha. I don't yet despair of his favour; the old boy's heart lies in the right place.

Bel. But are you sure you have no money left?

Cha. Not a stiver; *(whistles)* I gave the last shilling to that drunken dog, who bump'd us along two miles on the road, in his vile cart, which he call'd riding.

Bel. What is to be done?

Cha. We'll ring at that bell, *(pointing to Mrs.* Dorville's *house)* and tell the good people of the house the whole truth—that we are thoughtless fellows, whose money fell short on our journey.

Bel. And we shall thank them for board and lodging till to-morrow! and are you so ignorant of the world as to suppose——

Cha. Suppose what? that generous feelings no longer exist in a free country? I have no fears for the event. Thank heaven, a signal of distress is never neglected in Old England: especially when made by a sailor.

Bel. And is this all you can propose? *You* who so often boast, that invention is the inheritance of a seaman. Is your whole stock of plots and contrivances exhausted?

Cha. *(Who has seen the bill of* "A House to be sold.") No, no, no; I have a plot, my boy! A breeze springs up—a favourable breeze; 'tis the breath of fortune—and let us unfurl every sail to catch it. There is our haven. *(Pointing to the house.*

Bel. In the name of wonder, what do you mean?

Cha. You see that board "This House to be Sold," with garden, coach-house, stabling, seventy acres of land.

Bel. Well!

Cha. Well! how should you like to live in this country?

Bel. Very much; but I am afraid we shall starve in it.

Cha. Does the house please you?

Bel. Certainly.

Cha. That's enough. I'll buy it.

Bel. What?

Cha. I'll buy it.

Bel. Charles! have you lost your senses?

(Charles *is going to ring at the bell*; Belfield stops him.)

Cha. Give me your hand, grumbler. From this moment our quarrel is forgotten. I have taken my resolution.

Bel. Then I'll take my leave.

Cha. Why so? An apartment shall be at your service.

Bel. My dear Charles, I entreat you to be rational; we shall get into some scrape here.

Cha. *(rings the bell)* Say no more—the gun is fir'd. Now remember, Harry, whenever I give a

 volley

volley of white-lies, you must be ready to second me. The signal is made for action; so clear decks, and hey for victory.

Enter Mrs. DORVILLE *from the gate in the railing.*

Mrs. Dor. Your commands, gentlemen.

Cha. This house is to be sold, as per signal here; I should like to buy it, d'ye see.

Mrs. Dor. I am glad to hear it Sir. The house belongs to me; and I sincerely hope it will suit you.

Bel. I doubt that very much. [*Aside.*

Cha It seems to be a tight-built thing—a famous good stern—if it is but as pretty between decks. A keen air here from the northward.

Mrs. Dor. An excellent pure air, indeed, Sir; you'll never want an appetite.

Cha. I begin to perceive it already.

Mrs. Dor. You must be fatigued, gentlemen.

Bel. Indeed, we are, Madam; the weather is so hot, and the roads so dusty.

Mrs. Dor. Yes, your boots bear witness of the dusty roads.

Cha. We came in a carriage, too; but a drunken driver induced us to prefer walking.

Mrs. Dor And what have you done with your carriage?

Cha. Laid it up in ordinary at the next village.

Mrs. Dor. The next village is a long distance from here.

Cha. Yes; but we were advised to walk for our health; and really it produces such an appetite.

Mrs. Dor. (ringing) No one answers the bell yet, and I wish to offer you some refreshment.

Bel. A thousand thanks, good Madam.

Mrs. Dor. For though, perhaps, you have lately risen from table—

Cha. Very lately, to be sure. But then, at that cursed village, they give you such banyan dinners, that one should scarcely remember them, were it not for the landlord's bill.

(A servant opens the door of Mrs. Dorville's *house.)*

Mrs Dor. Oh! You are come at last!—Pray walk in, gentlemen.

Cha. Accept my convoy, madam. *(Offering his hand.*

Mrs. Dor. (To Belfield) What, Sir, do you remain behind?

Bel. Yes, Madam. I don't want to buy a house, I thank you.

Cha. (Aside to Mrs. Dor.) Oh, leave him astern—he is a queer fellow, a little crazy in the upper works, I believe.—I'll tell you all about him.

[*Exit with Mrs.* D. *into the house.*

Bel. Whatever may be the event of Charles's scheme, I may profit by the chance which has brought me hither. By inquiry in the neighbourhood, I shall, perhaps, gain some intelligence of my charming Charlotte, and her aunt.

Enter CHARLES, *from the house.*

Cha Huzza! all goes on swimmingly, Harry The house is agreeable, the old lady in a good humour; and then, the young lady, for I saw her picture up stairs—Such a pair of eyes!

Bel. But to what does all this lead?

Cha. Poor, short-sighted gentleman!—Can't you guess? Thanks to my white lies, I am taken for a very rich man, who wishes to purchase the house. Its advantages are

are anxiously pointed out to me—the old lady is desirous of our farther acquaintance—a little repast is already prepared in the state room.

Bel. A repast!

Cha. Yes, you hungry son of Apollo!—You will have something to eat. After dinner, we shall talk farther of our bargain.—It becomes late—night draws on—hammocks are offered to us.

Bel. Which we accept———

Cha. Certainly. At supper, I agree to give my answer in a few days, and to-morrow we set sail for Plymouth. And thus, thanks to a sailor's invention, we get a good supper, a night's lodging, and even buy the house, if such be our good will and pleasure.

Bel. This is all very good, so far. But, I know you, Charles; you will certainly make some blunder yet, and spoil all.

Cha. Never fear me; the old woman and I have been manœuvring like two privateers under false colours, trying to gain the wind. I think I have now completely got to windward of her, and let me alone to keep the advantage.

Bel. But consider—thus to impose upon the credulity of this poor woman.

Cha. I will make her ample amends for whatever kindness she may shew us. Believe me, Harry, I will never degrade, by a dishonourable action, this uniform, sacred to the cause of my king and country.

HAWSER *(calling without.)*

Haw, Yo ho! Lieutenant Kelson, a hoy!

Cha. Zounds! 'tis some old shipmate of mine. The deuce take his kind remembrance.

Enter HAWSER.

Haw. What my worthy young commander! Heaven bless your honour, is it you? Why Lieutenant Kelson———

Cha. Ah, Jack Hawser! I see, a sailor is like a needle touched by a loadstone—he is always attracted by a brother wherever he finds him.

Bel. Here comes the old lady.

Cha. Make sail a head, then, and take her in tow to the supper-room.

[*Exit* Belfield *into the house.*

Jack, you are a good fellow, and I wish with all my soul it were in my power to offer you any thing. To-morrow, perhaps, I may be in better trim; but at this present speaking, I have not a shot in the locker.

Haw. Why the truth of the matter is, that I have received a woundy deal of prize-money, and I want to lay it out to the best advantage—that is, to make myself comfortable.

Cha. Go on—make sail Jack.

Haw. Now, d'ye see, I don't know any thing would make me more comfortable than to think that your honour would bemean yourself, as a body may say, so far, as to borrow a lot of poor Jack Hawser's prize-money.

Cha. My honest fellow, *(Shakes hands with him)* my hand must thank you, for my tongue cannot. Be assured, I do not now need your assistance—so I leave you to all the enjoyments of prize money. Seven in a coach—a blind fidler—blue ribbons—and elbows out at window—huzza!

[*Exit into the house.*

Haw. Ha! ha! ha! Just as he used to be—an honest, merry-hearted fellow.—Egad, tho', he made us all do our duty on board—But what then? He shewed us a good example, did his duty himself, and the whole ship's company loved him the better for it. I wish, tho', he had touched the prize money.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM

THE TALE OF MYSTERY.

COVENT GARDEN.

IN our Magazine for November, page 74, we gave an account of the plot, machinery, &c. of this popular and affecting drama. And, from the following specimen, we presume it will appear that, even in the closet, the interest of the piece is sensibly preserved.—

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SELINA *and* FIAMETTA.

Sel. You seem hurried Fiametta?

Fiam. Hurried, truly! Yes, yes; and you'll be hurried too.

Sel. I?

Fiam. Fine news!

Sel. Of what kind?

Fiam. A very bad kind. The Count Romaldi—

Sel. *(alarmed)* What of him?

Fiam. Is coming.

Sel. When?

Fiam. This evening.

Sel. Heavens! What can he want?

Fiam. Want? He wants mischief. We all know he wants you to marry his son, because you 're a rich heiress.

Sel. Surely, my uncle will never consent?

Fiam. Your uncle, and all Savoy, fear him.

Bona. *(calling without)* Fiametta!

Fiam. I am here, Sir.

Bona. But I want you here.

Fiam. Lord, Sir, I am busy.

Sel. Go, run to my uncle.

Fiam. It 's a shame he should not think of marrying you to his own son; when he knows how dearly you love each other.

Sel. It is the excellence of my dear uncle's heart, that disdains the appearance of self-interest.

Fiam. So, rather than be blamed himself, he 'll make you and I and every body miserable? But I'll talk to him!

Bona. *(without)* Fiametta, I say!

Fiam. Coming! *(going)* He shall hear of it. I 'm in a proper cue. He knows I 'm right, and I 'll not not spare him. [*Exit talking.*

(Hunting Music.)

Enter STEPHANO, *with his fowling-piece, net, and game.*

Sel. Why are you so late, Stephano? I had a thousand alarms.

Steph. Forgive me, dear Selina. The pursuit of game led me too far among the mountains.

Sel. Do you know—

Steph. What?

Sel. I almost dread to tell you. Count Romaldi is coming.

Steph. Romaldi!

Sel. I shudder, when I recollect the selfishness of his views, and the violence of his character.

Steph. Add, the wickedness of his heart.

(Music: to express chattering contention.)

Enter BONAMO *and* FIAMETTA.

Fiam. I tell you again, Sir, it is uncharitable, it is cruel, it is hard-hearted in you, to give any such orders.

Bona. And I tell you they shall be obeyed. Have not I a right to do as I please in my own house.

Fiam. No, Sir; you have no right to do wrong any-where.

Steph. What is the dispute, Sir?

Fiam. He has ordered me to turn the poor Fancisco out of doors; because, forsooth, the house is not large enough to hold this Count Romaldi.

Sel.

Sel. Think, my dear uncle, how grateful and kind is his heart!

Steph. And that he is a man of misfortune.

Bona. Folly and misfortune are twins: nobody can tell one from the other. He has got footing here; and you seem all determined he shall keep it.

Sel. I own, I am interested in his favour. His manners are so mild!

Steph. His eye so expressive!

Sel. His behaviour so proper!

Fiam. I'll be bound, he is of genteel parentage!

Bona. Who told you so?

Fiam. Not he, himself, for certain; because poor creature he is dumb. But only observe his sorrowful looks. What it is I don't know, but there is something on his mind so—

Bona. You are a fool!

Fiam. Fool, or not, I have served you faithfully these three-and-twenty years; so you may turn me out of doors at last, if you please.

Bona. I?

Fiam. Yes; for, if you turn Francisco out, I'll never enter them again.

Bona. You certainly know more, concerning this man?

Fiam. Since it must be told, I do.

Bona. Then speak.

Fiam. It is quite a tragedy!

Bona. Indeed! Let us hear.

Fiam. It is now seven or eight years ago, when, you having sent me to Chambery, I was coming home. It was almost dark; every thing was still; I was winding along the dale, and the rocks were all as it were turning black. Of a sudden, I heard cries! A man was murdering! I shook from head to foot! Presently, the cries died away; and I beheld two bloody men, with their daggers in their hands, stealing off under the crags at the foot of the mill. I stood like a stone: for I was frightened out of my wits! So I thought I heard groans; and, *afeared* as I was, I had the sense to think they must come from the poor murdered creature. So I listened, and followed my ears, and presently I saw this very man—

Sel. Francisco?

Fiam. Weltering in his blood! To be sure I screamed and called loud enough: for, what could I do by myself? So presently my cries *was* heard; and honest Michelli the miller, with his man, came running.

Bona. I now remember the tale. The poor man recovered; and every body praised Michelli.

Fiam. So they ought; he is an honest good soul! What, then, Sir, can you suppose I thought, when, about a week ago, I again saw Francisco's *apparition* standing before me; making signs that he was famished with hunger and thirst. I knew him at once; and he soon bethought himself of me. If you had *seen* his clasped hands, and his thankful looks, and his dumb notes, and his signs of joy, at having found me!—While I have a morsel, he shall never want. I'll hire him a cottage; I'll wait upon him; I'll work for him: so turn him out of doors, if you have the heart.

Steph. Fiametta, you wrong my father.

Bona. I'll hear his story from himself.

Fiam. He can't speak.

Bona. But he can write.

Fiam. I warrant him. I'm sure he's a gentleman

Bona. Bring him here: if he prove himself an honest man, I am his friend.

Fiam. I know that, or you should be no master of mine. [*Exit.*

Steph. His kind attentions to Selina are singular.

Sel.

Sel. Every morning, I find him waiting for me, with fresh-gathered flowers; which he offers with such modest yet affectionate looks.

FIAMETTA *returns with* FRANCISCO; *the latter, poor in appearance, but clean; with a reserved placid and dignified air.*

Bona. Come near, friend. You understand his gestures, Fiametta; so stay where you are.

Fiam. I intend it.

Bona. *(to himself)* He has a manly form! a benevolent eye! *(aloud)* Sit down, Sir. Leave us my children.

(Francisco *suddenly rises, as* Stephano *and* Selina *offer to go, brings them back, and intreats they may remain.)*

Bona. Since he desires it, stay—There is pen, ink, and paper: when you cannot answer by signs, write; but be strict to the truth.

Fran. *(with dignity points to heaven and his heart.)*

Bona. Who are you?

(Francisco *writes*; *and* Stephano, *standing behind him, takes up the paper and reads the answers.)*

Fran. "A noble Roman!"

Bona. Your family!—

Fran. *(gives a sudden sign of* Forbear! *and writes)* "must not be known."

Bona. Why?

Fran. "It is disgraced."

Bona. By you?

Fran. *(gesticulates)*.

Fiam. *(interpreting)* No, no, no!

Bona. Who made you dumb?

Fran. "The Algerines."

Bona. How came you in their power?

Fran. "By treachery."

Bona. Do you know the traitors?

Fran. *(gesticulates)*.

Fiam. *(eagerly)* He does! he does!

Bona. Who are they?

Fran. "The same who stabbed me among the rocks." *(A general expression of horror.)*

Bona. Name them.

Fran. *(gesticulates violently, denoting painful recollection: then writes)* "never!"

Bona. Are they known by me?

Fiam. *(interpreting)* They are! they are!

Bona. Are they rich?

Fran. "Rich and powerful."

Bona. Astonishing! Your refusal to name them gives strange suspicions. I must know more: tell me all, or quit my house.

(Music to express pain and disorder.)

Enter PIERO.

Pier. Count Romaldi, Sir,

Fran. *(Starts up, struck with alarm)*.

Steph. So soon!

Bona. Shew him up.

Pier. He's here. *(Similar music.)*

ROMALDI *suddenly enters, as* Francisco *is attempting to pass the door: they start back at the sight of each other.* Romaldi *recovers himself*; *and* Francisco *in an agony of mind, leaves the room.*

Bona. What is all this!—Where is he gone?—Call him back. Fiametta!

[*Exeunt* Fiametta *and* Stephano; *both regarding* Romaldi *with dislike.*

Rom *(with forced ease.)* At length my good friend, I am here. I have long promised myself the pleasure of

of seeing you. Your hand. How hearty you look! And your lovely niece! Her father's picture!

Bona. Rather her mother's.

Rom. My son will adore her. In two days I expect him here. I have serious business to communicate.

Sel. (to her uncle) Permit me to retire, Sir.

Bona. (tenderly) Go, my child; go.

Sel. (aside) Grant, oh merciful heaven, I may not fall the sacrifice of avarice! [*Exit,*

Bona. And now your pleasure, Count?

Rom. Nay, I imagine, you can guess my errand. You know my friendship for my son; who, let me tell you, is your great admirer. The care you have bestowed upon your niece, her education, mind, and manners, and the faithful guardian you have been, both of her wealth and person, well deserve praise.

Bona. If I have done my duty, I am greatly fortunate.

Rom. She is a lovely young lady; and you are not ignorant of my son's passion: to which your duty toward your niece must make you a friend. I therefore come, with open frankness, to propose their union.

Bona. And I, with equal candor, must tell you, I can give no answer.

Rom. (haughtily affecting surprise) No answer!

Bona. Your rank and wealth make the proposal flattering: but there is a question still more serious.

Rom. (in the same tone) What can that be?

Bona. One which my niece only can resolve.

Rom. Inexperience like hers should have no opinion.

Bona. How, my Lord! Drag the bride, by force, to that solemn altar, where, in the face of heaven, she is to declare her choice is free?

Rom. Mere ceremonies.

Bona. Ceremonies! Bethink yourself; lest marriage become a farce, libertinism a thing to laugh at, and adultery itself a finable offence!

Rom. Ay, ay: you are a moralist; a conscientious man. Your son is reported to have designs on Selina.

Bona. My Lord!

Rom. No anger: I speak as a friend. Her fortune is tempting: but you disdain to be influenced. The wealth and rank of our family——

Bona. Surpass mine. True; still my niece, I say, must be consulted.

Rom. Indeed! *(sternly)* Then my alliance, it seems, is refused?

Bona. By no means: I have neither the right to refuse nor to accept. If Selina——

Re-enter SELINA *with a letter.*

Sel. (presenting it to Bonamo*)* From the unfortunate Francisco.

Rom. What, that strange fellow I met as I came in?

Sel. (aside) he knows his name!

Rom. I forgot to ask you how he got admittance here?

Sel. (with marked displeasure) I should hope, my Lord, there would always be some charitable door open to the unfortunate!

Rom. (with courteous resentment) I addressed your uncle, lovely lady,

Bona. When you came he was relating his adventures, which have been strange.

Rom. (retaining himself) And are you, my friend, simple enough to believe such tales?

Sel. What tales, my Lord?

Bona. The proofs are convincing! The mutilation he has suffered; the wounds he received, not a league from hence; the——

Rom. (alarmed) Did he name—?

Bona. Who? The monsters that gave

gave them?—No: but they are not unknown to him.

Rom. That—that is fortunate.

Bona. I was amazed to learn—

Rom. What?

Bona. That they are rich and powerful. But I forget: the story can have no interest for you.

Rom. *(eagerly)* You mistake: I——*(recollecting himself)* my feelings are as keen as yours.

Bona. But what has he written? *(offers to open the letter)*

Rom. If you will take my advice, you will not read. Doubtless, he has more complaints, more tales, more favours to request. Be kind and hospitable; but do not be a dupe.

Bona. Of which, I own, there is danger.

Rom. *(seizing the letter which* Bonamo *carlessly holds)* Then let me guard you against it.

Sel. *(after continually watching and suspecting* Romaldi, *snatches the letter back; while he, remarking her suspicions, is confused)* This letter, my Lord, was given in charge to me: I promised to bring an answer; and I respectfully intreat my uncle will read it.

Bona: Well, well. *(reads)* "Friend of humanity, should I remain, the peace of your family might be disturbed. I therefore go; but earnestly intreat you will neither think me capable of falsehood nor ingratitude—Wherever I am, my wishes and my heart will be here.—Farewell." He shall not go.

Rom. Why not? he owns the peace of your family may be disturbed.

Bona. Fly, Selina; tell him I require, I request him to sleep here to-night, that I may speak with him to-morrow.

Rom. *(aside)* That must not be.

Sel. Thanks, my dear uncle! you have made me happy.

Exit in haste.

(Confused music.)

THE NEW PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE.

As usual, in Christmas holidays, new entertainments of the mimic cast were introduced at both the theatres.

After the play of George Barnwell, at Drury Lane, Dec. 27, a new Pantomime, called "Love and Magic," or "Harlequin's Holiday," was performed for the first time.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Harlequin	Mr. Byrne
Harlequin Miniature	Master Byrne
Mago, the Magician	Mr. De Camp
Pantaloon	Mr. Male
Pero	Mr. Cipriana
Scaramouch	Mr. Gibbon
Gipsy King	Mr. Collins
Undertaker	Mr. Purser
Barber	M. Hollingsworth
Counsellors	Mess. Sparks & Maddocks
Client	Mr. Rhodes
Tycho, the Clown	Mr. Grimaldi
Columbine	Miss B. Menage
The Sprite	Miss Tyrer
Pantalina	Mr. Bayzand
Ursula, the Dwarf	Master Blanchard
Landlady	Mrs. Coats
Venus	Miss Hicks
The Graces	Miss Bristow Miss [illegible]tson Miss Smith
Cupid	Miss Douglas
Hymen	Miss Saunders

THE STORY.

The first scene gives a view of a magician's study. The Magician is seated on his throne, attended by two dæmons; the back scene represents a prison, in which Harlequin, Columbine, and the other pantomimic characters are confined in chains. The Magician, after a short exhortation, confides the care of the captives to Tycho, and enjoins him not to sleep, or the magic lamps will expire, and the charm will cease. The influence of Somnus, however, overcomes Tycho; two ravens descend, seize his wand in their claws, and ascend. The next scene, which is uncommonly beautiful,

beautiful, exhibits Venus, the protectress of Harlequin, descending from the clouds, who relieves him and his associates from " durance vile," and presents him with a magic cestus, by the virtues of which he is to overcome all his enemies. In her splendid car she is attended by the three Graces, and her accustomed attributes. The bustle of the pantomime now commences. The father of Columbine is tempted by a chest of gold, to induce her to espouse the enemy of Harlequin. The latter, however, defeats their projects, and while the chest is placed at the door, by his magical efforts, a column of gold arises from the interior of the chest, on which he ascends, and gains admittance into one of the windows of Pantaloon's house. He next makes his escape with Columbine, and after a countless variety of whimsical adventures, loses his wand and cestus, and becomes again in the power of the Magician. His protectress still adheres to his interests, and relieves him from his difficulties. The Magician is at length overcome, and is hurled with his imps into the infernal regions. The scene then changes to a beautiful view of the temple of Venus; the head of a Sphinx is broke by the advice of a guardian sprite, Cupids appear, and Harlequin and Columbine are united.

This piece boasts a considerable portion of novelty, while it contains much of the whimsicality and pleasantry of the old school. Most of the changes are marked with all requisite humour and ridicule, and the effect of course is sufficiently happy. Among those deserving particular notice, are, the elegant descent of the ravens, and their subsequent ascension with the magic wand. Harlequin's sword formed out of one of the arrows of Cupid; the tombs in which Harlequin and Columbine are inclosed, transformed into sofas; the Lord Mayor's barge into a Vauxhall barge; the little Alderman into a turtle; Hammersley's banking house into Kelly's saloon, Pall-mall; a finger-post into a boat in full sail; Pantaloon's house into a pastry cook's, and next into a barber's shop; a starch waggon into a prison; and the change from the Giant's columns into the palace of Venus. Besides these, there are a number of other excellent tricks, whimsical in their effect, and ingenious in their contrivance. In the preparations of this pantomime for representation, the managers have displayed a liberality highly commendable, and we have no doubt of its success amply rewarding the attention they have bestowed upon the piece. Of the performance, too much cannot be said in commendation. Byrne, as Harlequin, exerted himself with great success; and his admirable little son in the infant Harlequin, after being released from the Gipsy Boiler, displayed talents of the first order, and was prodigiously admired; nor were the applauses less properly bestowed on the Columbine of the agile and elegant Miss Menage, and the dance with Harlequin. Miss Hicks personated Venus, and certainly, the delicious goddess could not have a more captivating representative. She sung the recitative and her song, with grace and effect. Grimaldi is a most excellent clown. The variety of his gestures, the neatness of his drollery, and his attention to the business of the scene, never suffered abatement. For the dresses, and principal invention of the tricks, we are indebted to the refined taste, and unrivaled ingenuity of Mr. Johnston, and the scenery does great credit to Mr. Greenwood. The last scene, the temple of Venus, is uncommonly brilliant and beautiful.—The music is of a most pleasing and effective description.—For a specimen of the poetry, see our poetical department.

THE NEW PANTOMIME AT COVENT GARDEN.

AFTER the performance of the Tragedy of Jane Shore, at this theatre, Dec. 27, the new Pantomime of "Harlequin's Habeas," or "The Hall of Spectres," was brought forward.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Harlequin	Mr. Bologna, Jun.
John Doe, Father to Columbine	Mr. L. Bologna
Richard Roe, Columbine's Lover	Mr. Klanert
Turnkey	Mr. Bologna
Lounger	Mr. King
Quango	Mr. Menage
Spectre in Don Juan..	Mr. Beverley
Ghost of Gaffer Thumb	Mr. Harley
Lunn's Ghost	Mr. Powers
Fongwhang, with song	Mr. Dubois
Castle Spectre......	Mrs. St. Ledger
Bleeding Nun......	Mrs. Watts
Columbine, daughter to John Doe	Mrs. Wibrow
Genie of the Sword ..	Miss Wheatley
Genius of Enchantment,	Mr. Darley

The Pantomime opens with a finely executed scene, by Hollogan, of the inside of John Doe's house, whose daughter, Columbine, is discovered embroidering a map of France. She is interrupted by the entrance of her father, who introduces Richard Roe, an antiquated lover, as her future husband, but who is rejected by the lady. A dashing Buck is next brought on, in custody, at the suit of his taylor; he sends for bail; a Sailor, from India, attended by a Chinese, enters to his relief. The Sailor offers his whole store, which is insufficient to relieve his friend, when the Chinese, understanding the nature of the embarrassment from the Sailor, offers the Bailiff a case of curious China silk; but, when the business is about to be accommodated, the ungrateful sprig of Bond-street takes an opportunity to decamp with the silk and money, and the poor Sailor is left in "durance vile" for having answered for his supposed friend.—The Bailiff's daughter, struck with the generosity of the Sailor, endeavours to procure his escape, but is prevented by the vigilance of her father's turnkey. The Sailor, in a paroxism of anger and despair, strikes the ground with one of the rollers from which the silk had been wound, which proves to be a talisman of great power, and which had lain long neglected in China. The Genius of the Sword instantly appears, who tells the Sailor of the virtues of the talisman, and that he and ten thousand spirits own its sway, and are ready to aid its master in the hour of misfortune. The Genius then desires him to pursue his faithless friend to France; the Sailor thanks the Genius, who disappears. Columbine timidly approaches the sword; the Sailor gives it to her. She is delighted with it; but disliking the Sailor's dress, makes the first trial of its magic virtue, and changes him to Harlequin, and pointing at her own dress, gives him the sword, with which he changes her to Columbine.—After dancing round each other, in mutual congratulation, they run towards the door, which opens, and John Doe, Richard Roe, and Redtail enter with constables. Harlequin escapes by leaping through a framed copy of the *Habeas Corpus Act*, which changes to "*non est inventus*." Columbine being locked up, the Father, Lover, and Clown go off in pursuit of Harlequin. Harlequin, in the next scene, having, by the virtue of his sword, released Columbine, and found his friend, the Chinese, they set out for Dartford, on their way to France, followed by the pursuers, and after several adventurous escapes, arrive at Dover, closely pursued. Just as they are ready to embark for France, Columbine is seized by her Father,

forced

forced into a boat, and carried off. A storm commences, and Columbine, whilst struggling with her father, falls into the sea, and disappears. Harlequin resorts to the effect of the sword, the Genius appears, and bids him not despair, but instantly seek for Columbine in the Hall of Spectres, and, like Orpheus, attempt to bring her back; which he effects.—The second act proceeds in a tour through part of France, with a succession of escapes and adventures occuring, through a great variety of scenes, finely executed, and, which the play bills amply enumerate. These are abundantly enlivened with a great variety of mechanical tricks and changes, among which are a puppet shew on Rochester bridge turned into a prison; the words *Habeas Corpus* in the bailiff's house, after Harlequin has effected his escape, into those of *Non est Inventus*; four pots of porter emptied and refilled by the magic of Harlequin's sword; a number of fruitmen, with baskets on their backs, transformed into gigantic *poissardes*; a hay cart into an elegant cottage, the gates of which are soon after changed to prisons; a direction post into a windmill, and a chair into an immense ladder. In the course of the scene of bustle, a balloon, with a parachute attached to it, ascends from the stage into the circle of the house; the latter drops into the pit, and the former, with much regularity, returns to the stage. Much ingenuity is displayed throughout, and the liberality of the manager, in the scenic and decorative departments, was never more conspicuously demonstrated. The scenery is altogether of the most charming description, and does much credit to the talents of the several artists, Whitmore, Richards, Phillips, Creswell, and Hollogan, the latter of whom, particularly, in his view of *Dartford by Moonlight*, has afforded a most gratifying instance of the perfection of the art. The machinery is ingenious and well contrived, and when worked with greater facility, will produce a still better effect. The performers all acquitted themselves with much credit, and the piece promises to become a general favourite. The music, which is by Reeve and Moorehead is very pleasing. For a specimen of the songs see our poetical department.

GAME LAWS VINDICATED.

MR. EDITOR,

THE gentleman who signs PHILOSTATUS in your last number, and therein complains of the poor being deprived of killing game; seems, in my opinion, to have carried his argument much too far; or, that his humanity for them, has carried him beyond his argument. I believe that the lay of the land, at this day, allows every person to kill any sort of animal or fowl, that is *feræ naturæ*, unless the same is prohibited by some legislative act, and sure the gentleman will not deny the right the king, lords, and commons have, to enact such laws as in their wisdom, they deem necessary for the good of the community; for in this light, we ought, I think, to look upon those enactments which have been made for the protection of the game. Because, as he says, Nimrod and Esau had free liberty of the chase, does it from thence follow, that every labouring man shall, at this day, be permitted to do so? Has Philostatus considered the pernicious effects his reasoning may have on the lower class of mankind, who, in general, are too fond of forsaking an honest and laborious living, for that of a very precarious one, coupled with idleness? Was such permission to be encouraged, it

it would infallibly bring ruin to multitudes of poor families in this kingdom, and a sad relaxation of every stimulus to industry.

It ought also to be considered, that the legislature has not been so very partial in this respect to the higher orders of mankind, as Philostatus insinuates; for, by one act of parliament, no person that hath not L.100 per annum, or L.150 per annum, in right of his wife, shall kill some kind of game, under the penalty of L.5; and, by a late statute, he must take out an *annual certificate* which costs him L.3 : 4 : 0 or he will incur a much heavier penalty.

Now, can it be fairly said, that government has passed an act, or acts, whereby the land owners should monopolize, in an arbitrary way, the whole of the game to themselves? Do not those gentlemen and others who take out those certificates, contribute to the aid and assistance of government? And is not that money applied in common with other taxes, for the protection of all his Majesty's subjects rich and poor? and if so, then I must aver that, the poor are much more benefited, than if they were allowed to idle after the game themselves.

Let Philostatus only observe the situation of common poachers, and he will find them, without, I believe, a single exception, a dissolute and abandoned set of men, who destroy more game in one night than the fair sportsman will do in a week; yet, with all this success of the poacher you will find him most commonly in the alehouse, whilst his wife and children are starving for bread at home.

The above arguments to the assertions of Philostatus, are but a few of the many, which may be adduced, to shew that the game laws are not partial, oppresive, impolitic, tyrannical, or unconstitutional.

A FAIR SPORTSMAN.

A DIPLOMATIC BOXER.

WICQUEFORT, in his memoirs on the functions of ambassadors and public ministers, relates, that in the reign of Lewis XIV. while the Grand Vizier was giving audience to the French ambassador, being offended by the repeated boasts of his excellency, respecting the high power of his monarch, gave the ambassador such a heavy blow on the face with his fist, that he broke two of his teeth. His excellency was immediately sent to prison, as usual, and when the Grand Monarque became acquainted with the gross insult received by his minister, he was prudently advised by Cardinal Mazarine to take no notice of it.—If the Turks should ever regain the grounds of their past arrogance, their conduct would exactly be the same as before.

FOX-HUNTING,

IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

MR. EDITOR,

ALMOST all gentlemen fox-hunters being doubtless readers of the Sporting Magazine, it will, I imagine, contribute to their amusement, to apprize them of the style and expence of their favourite diversion almost five hundred years ago; and the account of the Comptroller of the Wardrobe of King Edward I. anno domini 1299, and 1300, will afford them much information.

This account, with prefatory observations, and a glossary subjoined, was printed not long since at the charge of the Society of Antiquaries; and the four ingenious and learned members who were desired to superintend the transcribing and publishing this curious manuscript, executed their commission with fewer mistakes than could well have been expected in so difficult

difficult a task. A translation of the articles which relate to fox-hunting is inclosed.

	£.	s.	d.
P. 308.—Paid to William de Foxhunte, the King's huntsman of foxes in divers forests and Parks, for his own wages, and the wages of his two boys; and to care of the dogs from November 20th to the 19th of November following, for 366 days, it being leap year, to each per day two-pence —	£.9	3	0
Paid to the same for the keep of twelve fox-dogs belonging to the King for the same time, each dog per day, a halfpenny —	9	3	0
Paid to the same, the expence of a horse to carry the nets from Nov. 20th, to the last day of April, 163 days, three-pence per day	2	0	9
Paid the same, the expence of the horse from Sept. 1st, on which day the hunting season, after the dead-season to the 19th of November, 80 days, three-pence per day —	1	0	0
P. 103.—Paid to William d' Blatherwyck, huntsman of the King's fox-dogs for shoes for himself and two boys, to each of them two shillings and four-pence.	0	7	0
P. 317.—Paid to the same for his habit during the present year —	0	13	4
Paid to the same for habits for his two boys, ten shillings each	1	0	0
Total —	£.23	7	1

If these sums are multiplied by fifteen, there will be nearly the due allowance made for the difference in the value of money between that and the present, and consequently the whole of the King's annual expence, under this article, amounted to somewhat more than three hundred and fifty pounds six shillings and three-pence of our money.

Nor was this by any means a trivial charge, if it be considered upon how small a scale this part of his Majesty's establishment was formed; for it consisted of only the huntsman, two boys, twelve dogs, and one horse to carry the toils.

Such a hunt, though honoured by the title of Royal, would be ridiculed by the subscribers to a modern fox-hunt. The cry of a dozen dogs could make but a slight impression upon the ears of persons accustomed to the burst of twenty-five couple, and more, of hounds; which is apt to excite so great an ebullition of joy, as seems for a time to deprive them of their senses, and stimulate them to "O'er the hedge high-bound into the perilous flood, bear fearless; and, of the rapid instinct full, rush down the dangerous steep."——This choice of glorious perils was not, however, indulged to their ancestors, since it appears from the entries, that they were pedestrian hunters.

Mortua seisona, as here used, are words that merit our attention. To the generality of people the warm and fertile months of May, June, July, and August, are enlivening and cheerful, though by fox-hunters of former days it was deemed a *dead-season* of the year. And, from some expressions that have occasionally dropped from sportsmen of this class, with whom I have the pleasure of conversing, I am inclined to suspect that the epithet *dead*, when prefixed to summer, is

is, in their opinion, pertinent and emphatic.

The same phrase brings to my mind, a glaring anachronism advanced by Mr. Addison, in one of the entertaining papers he is supposed to have written, whilst he is visiting Sir Roger de Coverly; who, we are told, hunted almost every day in the first fortnight in July: an idea surely as incongruous, and, to a farmer, as horrid, as Sterling's hot buttered rolls in that month was to Lord Ogleby. The conclusion I draw from this lapse of the pen is, that Coverly Hall was situated at either Chelsea or Islington, and that Mr. Spectator was not ambling upon the chaplain's easy pad, but walking over the Five Fields, or the Spa-fields, when he had in view the imaginary doubles of the hare; and perhaps in this my trailing I may have been so often at a fault, as to betray my having no right to the signature of

A FOX-HUNTER.

THE

EARLIEST ENGLISH BOOK

ON

HUNTING.

"ABOUT the year 1481," says Mr. Wharton, "Julian Barnes, more properly Berners, sister of Richard Lord Berners, and prioress of the nunnery of Sopewell, wrote three English tracts on hunting, hawking, and armory, or heraldry, which were soon afterwards printed in the neighbouring monastery of St. Alban's. This very scarce book, printed in various inks, was in the late Mr. West's library."

From another edition of this book, printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1496, Mr. Herbert has given some entertaining extracts. The treatise on hunting is introduced thus: "Lykewyse as in the boke of hawkynge aforesayde are wrytten and noted the termys of playsure belongyne to gentylmen, havynge delyte therein, in the same manere this boke followynge shewyth to such gentyll persones the manere of huntynge for all manere of bestys."

"The names of dyvers manere houndes:

"Thyse ben the names of houndes. Fyrst there is a grehounde; a bastard; a mengrell; a mastiff; a lemor; a spanyel; raches kennetys; butchers houndes; dunhyll dogges; tryndeltaylles and prykeryd currys; and smale ladyes popees, that bere away the flees and dyvers smale fawtes."

"A grehounde should be headed lyke a snake, and neckyd like a drake; fotyd like a catte, tayllyd lyke a ratte; syded lyke a teme; and chyned like a beme.

"The proprytees of a good horse:

"A good horse sholde have xv good proprytees and condycions. That is to wyte, thre of a man, thre of a woman, thre of a foxe, thre of a haare, and thre of an asse. Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardye. Of a woman, fayre-brested, fayre of heere, and easy to move. Of a foxe, a fayr taylle, short eeres, with a good trotte. Of an haare, agrete eye, a drye heed, and well rennynge. Of an asse, a bygge chynn, a flat legge, and a good houe (hoof)."

But the moral and prudential maxims of Dame Julian are more remarkable, and it is probably in imitation of her, that books of sports of later times have been interspersed with such remarks. The following are some of them:

"Aryse erly; serve God devowtly, and the world besily. Do thy werke wysely—geve thyn almesse secretly; goo by the waye sadly.

sadly *. Answere the people demurely; goo to thy meet appetydely; sytte thereat dyscretly; of thy tongue be not to lyberally; aryse therefrom temperatly. Goo to thy souper soberly, and to thy bed merely; be in thyne Inne jocundly; please thy love duley, and slepe surely."

"Who that makyth † in Chrystmas a dogge to his larder, and in Marche a sowe to his gardyner, and in May a fole of a wyse mannys counseil, he shall never have good lardyr, fayre gardyne, nor well kepte counsell."

"Ferre from thy kynnesmen caste the; wrath not thy neighbours next the; in a good corn countree threste the, and sytte down Robyn and reste the."

"Two wyves in one hous, two cattys and one mous,
Two dogges and one bone; thyse never accorde in one."

"If a man lack leche ‡, or medicyne, he shall make thre thynges his leche and medicyne. The fyrst of them is a mery thought. The second is labour not outrageous. The thyrde is dyete mesurable. Fyrst that yf a man wyll ever more be in mery thoughtes and have a glad spyryte, he must eschewe all contraryous company, and all places of debate where he myghte have any occasions of melancholy; and yf he woll have a labour not outrageous, he must thenne ordeynne him to his hertys ease and pleasaunce, wythout studye, pensyfnesse, or traveyle, a mery occupacyon, whyche may rejoyce his herte, and in which his spyrytes may have a mery delyte. And yf he woll be dyeted mesurably, he must eschewe all places of ryotte, whyche is cause of surfette and syknesse. And he must drawe him to places of swete ayre and hungry. And ete nourishable meetes and dyffyable also."

Of friendship she writes as follows:

"A faythfull frende wolde I fayne fynde,
To fynde him there he myghte be founde;
But now is the worlde wext so unkynde
That frenship is fallen to the grounde.
Now a frende I have founde,
That I woll nother banne, ne curse,
But of all frendes in felde, or toune,
Ever gramercy myn own purse.
It fell by me upon a tyme,
As it hath by many one mo §,
My horse, my nete, my shepe, my swyne,
And all my goodes, they fell me fro;
I went to my frendes and told them so,
And home again they badde me trusse;
I said again, when I was wo,
Ever gramercy myn own purse!
Therfore I rede you, syres all,
To assay your frendes, or you have nede,
For and you come down and have a fall,
Full fewe of theym for you woll grede ||.
Therfore assay them everychone
Bothe the better and the worse;
Our Lorde, that shope bothe sonne and mone,
Send us spendynge in our purse."

CRIM. CON.

LINGHAM *v.* HUNT.

On Friday, December 24, 1802.

THIS cause was tried in the court of King's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, and a Special Jury, at Guildhall. It was brought by Mr. Lingham, a wine-merchant, of Tower-street, against his neighbour Mr. Hunt, of the same profession, and residing in the same street, for *Crim. Con.* Mr. Lingham married a very beautiful young lady, named Miss Dixon, in 1800; her mother lives on Tower-hill; she was nineteen when

* Without ostentation. † Taketh. ‡ Physic. Physician. § More. || Lament. Feel.

married, and has one child. Mr. Hunt was a visiting friend of the plaintiff; he lost his wife last summer in childbed. Mrs. Lingham went frequently to his house to see his child; her frequent visits, and going out with Mr. Hunt, gave no ground of alarm to Mr. Lingham, until the 8th of July last, when returning home, he found his wife was not there; remaining in the utmost anxiety and suspence, he, the next day, received the following letter from Mr. Hunt:—

"Sir,—with sorrow great, how can I inform you, that you have *miserably misplaced in me your confidence.* Your wife cannot return without your forgiveness, and that I think is impossible. See, however, directly, my poor brother, who, as well as Eliza (Mrs. Lingham), yourself, and me, must go distracted. Still your's, JOSEPH HUNT.

Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Lingham had taken a post-chaise, and went to the Green Man, at Barnet, where they slept, and staid two days: they have since lived together.

The plaintiff's cause was managed by Mr. Garrow, who made out his case with great ability, and the most unquestionable evidence.

Mr. Erskine, on the part of the defendant, endeavoured to shew, that the plaintiff had neglected his wife, and exposed her to the seduction of Mr. Hunt, and therefore was not entitled to heavy damages. It was stated, that Mrs. Lingham had been frequently with Mr. Hunt, at his house, alone, and had gone out with him to the play; and one time in a post chaise; when Mr. Lingham, instead of going with them, had taken another course, to amuse himself in fishing! but above all, on the night of the illuminations for the Peace, a large party of friends had gone to the west end of the town to witness them. Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lingham with other gentlemen, each escorted a lady; Mrs. Lingham held by Mr. Hunt's arm, and some how or other they parted from the rest of the company in the crowd, near Mr. Hope's, in Cavendish Square, and did not return till late. It was given in evidence, to prove Mr. Lingham's indifference to his wife's character, that she should unguardedly say, on her return, "we," meaning Mr. Hunt and herself, "have fared better than you; we have had a good supper and wine at a *tavern*;" and that Mr. Lingham treated this expression only with raillery and *badinage*. It however came out, on further investigation, and the better recollection of Mr. Hunt's brother, that Mrs. Lingham and Mr. Hunt had only been to a *pastry cook's*, in Spring Gardens, and not a *tavern*. This, and its being proved that a young gentleman, nine years of age, was with Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Lingham when they first went out in a post-chaise, led the Chief Justice to consider Mr. Hunt's defence as rather an aggravation than a palliation of his crime; and the Jury being of the same opinion, they gave the plaintiff all the damages he called for, which were *five thousand pounds!*

Mr. Erskine, in supporting his charge against Mr. Lingham, of having neglected his wife, sought for a precedent, not from Lord Coke, or any of the Old Lawyers, but from *Adam* himself, who, the Divine Milton, in his Paradise Lost, makes to say,

"I too was to blame in admiring that virtue,
"Which I thought nothing evil could approach;
"But now I see my fault, and now I feel
"Thou art my just accuser.

MORE

MORE OF THE OATLANDS' STAKES.

IN the preceding page, 190 of the present Number, we named the entries for the Oatlands' Stakes, and should have had forecast enough to have waited till after the 14th, and included the whole in one article. The remarks contained in page 190 have justified the event.

Out of thirty-two horses, only five have declared forfeit; the remaining twenty-seven are classed as follows:

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.—1803.

Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. D. I.

MONDAY.—The First Class.

	Ages.	*st.*	*lb*
Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ	5 yrs	9	2
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Lucan	6 yrs	8	11
Mr. L. Saville's Cinnamon	5 yrs	8	11
Mr. Sitwell's Pipylin	3 yrs	7	6
General Grosvenor's Quick	5 yrs	7	5
Mr. Ladbroke's Julia	3 yrs	7	3
Lord Clermont's Piscator	3 yrs	6	8
Mr. Wyndham's Galloper	3 yrs	5	9
Mr. Wardell's Harefoot	3 yrs	5	7

TUESDAY.—The Second Class.

Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail	aged.	9	3
Mr. Heming's Kill-Devil	5 yrs	9	1
Mr. Dawson's Quiz	4 yrs	8	5
Sir F. Standish's Sister to Gouty	4 yrs	7	12
Lord Grosvenor's Squire Teazle	4 yrs	7	9
Mr. Coventry's Sir John	3 yrs	7	6
Mr. Cresswell's Tulip filly	4 yrs	6	10
Mr. Howorth named Mr. Taylor's Gulliver	3 yrs	6	6
Mr. Kellermann's Fusileer	4 yrs	6	5

WEDNESDAY.—The Third Class.

Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor	4 yrs	8	11
Mr. Howorth's Popinjay	4 yrs	8	9
Mr. Howard's Chippenham	6 yrs	8	6
Mr. Bigges's Phœnix	4 yrs	7	10
Sir F. Standish's Duxbury	3 yrs	7	10
Mr. Watson's Striver	4 yrs	6	13
Mr. Lockley's Attainment	4 yrs	6	11
Sir H. Williamson's Walton	3 yrs	6	11
Lord Grosvenor's Margery	3 yrs	6	0

Much Betting is expected at Tattersall's Subscription-Room.

 A Country

A Country Coachman's Epistle to the Editor.

LARNED EDDETUR,

I *Lives* as coachman at 'Squire ——, in this county, Master takes yure monthly book; but we read *um* first in the *zarvant's* hall, who all sends their complaints to *yow* by me, in the lump, as follows: last week a nephew of master's, a fine *yaunker* from London, *cummed* here avisiting; to be sure he *druv-ed* in quite natural, as a coachman born, as one may say—but when he got out of his curricle, I could not help *laffing* at *im*—hir hair was cropt like little Tim's our postillion—he had on a jerkin coat, like the *yonk* Squire's, who is just breached, that shewed all his *thoighs!*—All the house has been thrown in a *quandary* by *im*, and his *zarvants*—cook Nan had lost the pudding cloth, and it was found in his *varlet's* cravat—the curate's walking cane was *smuched* and cut to pieces to make pocket walking sticks for *um*.—He takes great pleasure in making our stable boys go to fighting, one is quite blinded already, and t'other has lost three fore teeth and a grinder, but he says there's no *zience* shewn without a broken bone or two. Would you think it, this fine *gemman* has *cotched* all the kitchen and stable oaths that ever was *hurd*, and has got all our scullery dams, and hayloft blasts, quite *glib*, and I fancies my horses grow *rusty*, since they hears other folks curse *um* as heartily as as me and little Tim, so pray, Zur, say if free-born English *zarvants* has not a right to keep their oaths to themselves, and if the law give *gemmen* a license to curse and *zwear* like grooms and scullions?

From yours to command Larned Zur,

DENNIS DOUBLEREINS.

From my Harness-room, Hampshire, Dec. 20, 1803.

MUSICAL SWINDLER.

THE following *coup de main* was played off at a shop in Oxford-street, not long since:—A well-dressed man, apparently a foreigner, went into a woollen-draper's shop, in the afternoon: he had a green bag in his hand, which he laid on the counter with great care, and asked for some kerseymere for a waistcoat and breeches; he affected great hurry, and had a boy, like a servant or errand lad with him. The kerseymere being cut off, he gave it to the boy, saying, "Bid the taylor lose no time; I must have it to-morrow night for my Lord's concert; I cannot go without it's done—if I do not I shall lose twenty guineas. The boy went off in a hurry with the purchase; the draper asked the gentleman if he did not want lining, trimmings, &c.? The answer was, "Yes; I forgot that; God bless me! I must go to the taylor now myself with them." He then talked of the concert he was engaged for; mentioned the violin in his green bag, for which my Lord had offered him forty guineas, and which he had refused. He next felt for his purse, in order to pay the draper's bill; affected great surprize, but recollected he must have left it at the music-shop, where he had been to buy a sonata: it was certainly safe—he had been no where else: and if the gentleman (the draper) would give him leave to hang his violin on the vacant nail he saw in a nitch behind the counter, he would leave it till he returned with the money; but may be he might not come till next morning, as it was probable he might stay late at my Lord's, where he was going to rehearse with some amateurs. The draper consented; a splendid violin was drawn out of the bag and hung up with great care, the musical gentleman

tleman observing it was lucky he had another at home, for which he should want the bag; a sonata was in the bag, which he took with him. About two hours after, another person came for some small article, and cheapened a piece of cloth for a coat, but did not buy it; seeing the violin, he asked if it was to be sold; the answer was, "no; the owner would not sell it for forty guineas." "It must be a good one, said the stranger, permit me to see it." He took it, tried it, and was in raptures. "It's a charming instrument, Sir; I'll give you twenty guineas." "Sir, it is not mine; I cannot sell it." "I'll give thirty, Sir; do let me have it"—and he took out his purse. "I cannot," said the draper again. "Let me finger it a little more; Sir, you must contrive to get it for me—thirty-five guineas, Sir, Oh, by G—, that's a divine tone! I'll give the forty guineas, Sir, and pay you commission for buying it; and I'll call to-morrow morning." "I shall do my endeavour, Sir."—The draper now thought he should make a hit; the commission probably on both sides, too, was not to be neglected. Early next morning came the owner of the violin to pay for his kerseymere, and take his instrument. "Will you sell your violin, Sir?" "No, Sir: Do you play?" "No, but I have a mind to make a present, and you say this is a good one. Will you take twenty guineas for it?" "I tell you, Sir, I have refused forty." "Come, I'll give you thirty." "No, Sir, I should affront my Lord if any body else was to get it." "Come, come, you say you have another." "Aye, that is true, and as like this one as can be." "Well, I will give you thirty-four guineas, and no more." "Why, to be sur[illegible], I would not like to let my Lord know that I wanted money, if I did even want it: so as you seem to like it, if you will give me the kerseymere into the bargain, you may have it; my Lord does not know one from the other." The thirty-four guineas was paid. The draper has got a violin which the pretended purchaser will most assuredly never call for.

Sporting with Ghosts and Sharks in the Red Sea.

IN giving an account of his voyage on the Red Sea, from the port of Loheia to Masuah, Mr. Bruce mentions an instance of the superstition of the *Rais* (the master of the vessel on which he was on board) and his sailors: 'An Abyssinian,' says he, 'who had died on board, and who had been buried upon our coming out from Loheia bay, had been seen upon the boltsprit for two nights, and had terrified the sailors very much; even the Rais had been not a little alarmed; and, though he could not directly say that he had seen him, yet, after I was in bed on the 7th, he complained seriously to me of the bad consequences it would produce if a gale of wind were to rise, and the ghost were to keep his place there, and desired me to come forward and speak to him. 'My good Rais,' said I, 'I am exceedingly tired, and my head achs much with the sun, which hath been violent to-day. You know the Abyssinian paid for his passage, and, if he do not overload the ship, (and I apprehend he should be lighter than when we took him on board) I do not think, that in justice or equity, either you or I can hinder the ghost from continuing his voyage to Abyssinia, as we can-

not

not judge what serious business he may have there.' The Rais began to bless himself that he did not know any thing of his affairs.—'Then,' said I, 'if you do not find he makes the vessel too heavy before, do not molest him; because, certainly if he were to come into any other part of the ship, or were to insist to sit in the middle of you (in the disposition that you all are) he would be a greater inconvenience to you than in his present post.' The Rais began again to bless himself, repeating a verse of the Koran; 'bismilla sheitan rejem,' in the name of God keep the devil far from me. 'Now, Rais' said I, 'if he do us no harm, you will let him ride upon the boltsprit till he is tired, or till he comes to Masuah; for I swear to you, unless he hurts or troubles us, I do not think I have any obligation to get out of my bed to molest him, only see that he carries nothing off with him.

'The Rais now seemed to be exceedingly offended, and said, for his part he did not care for his life more than any other man on board; if it were not from fear of a gale of wind, he might ride on the boltsprit and be d——n'd; but that he had always heard learned people could speak to ghosts. 'Will you be so good, Rais,' said I, 'to step forward, and tell him, that I am going to drink coffee, and should be glad if he would walk into the cabin, and say any thing he has to communicate to me, if he is a Christian, and if not, to Mahomet Gibberti.' The Rais went out, but, as my servant told me, he would neither go himself, nor could get any person to go to the ghost for him. He came back, however, to drink coffee with me. I was very ill, and apprehensive of what the French call a *Coup de Soleil*. 'Go, said I to the Rais, to Mahomet Gibberti, who was lying just before us, tell him that I am a Christian, and have no jurisdiction over ghosts in these seas.'

'A moor, called *Yasine*, well known to me afterward, now came forward, and told me, that Mahomet Gibberti had been very bad ever since we sailed, with sea-sickness, and begged that I would not laugh at the spirit, or speak so familiarly of him, because it might very possibly be the devil, who often appeared in these parts. The moor also desired I would send Gibberti some coffee, and order my servant to boil him some rice with fresh water from Foosht; for hitherto our fish and our rice had been boiled in sea water, which I constantly preferred. This bad news of my friend Mahomet banished all merriment, I gave therefore the necessary orders to my servant to wait upon him, and at the same time recommended to Yasine to go forward with the Koran in his hand, and read all night, or till we should get to Zimmer, and then, or in the morning, bring me an account of what he had seen.

'On the 10th, at seven in the morning, I first saw Jibbel Teir, till then it had been covered with a mist. I ordered the pilot to bear down directly upon it. All this forenoon our vessel had been surrounded with a prodigious number of sharks. They were of the hammer-headed kind, and two large ones seemed to vie with each other which should come nearest our vessel. The Rais had fitted a large harpoon with a long line for the large fish in the channel, and I went to the boltsprit to wait for one of the sharks, after having begged the Rais, first to examine if all were tight there, and if the ghost had done it no harm by siting so many nights upon it. He shook his head, laughing, and said, 'The sharks seek something more substantial

substantial than ghosts.' 'If I am not mistaken, Rais,' said I, 'this ghost seeks something more substantial too, and you shall see the end of it.'

'I struck the largest shark about a foot from the head with such force, that the whole iron was buried in his body. He shuddered, as a person does when cold, and shook the shaft of the harpoon out of the socket, the weapon being made so on purpose; the shaft fell across, kept fixt to the line, and served as a float to bring him up when he dived, and impeded him when he swam. No salmon fisher ever saw finer sport with a fish and a rod. He had thirty fathom of line out, and we had thirty fathom more ready to give him. He never dived, but sailed round the vessel like a ship, always keeping part of his back above water. The Rais, who directed us, begged we would not pull him, but give him as much more line as he wanted; and indeed we saw it was the weight of the line that galled him, for he went round the vessel without seeking to go farther from us. At last he came nearer, upon our gathering up the line, and upon gently pulling it after, we brought him along-side, till we fastened a strong boat-hook in his throat: a man swung upon a cord that was now let down, to cut his tail, while hanging on the ship's side; but he was, if not absolutey dead, without the power of doing harm. He was eleven feet seven inches from his snout to his tail, and nearly four feet round in the thickest part of him. He had in him a dolphin very lately swallowed, and about half a yard of blue cloth. He was the largest, the Rais said, he had ever seen, either in the Red Sea or the Indian Ocean.

'We were standing on with a fresh breeze, and all our sails full, when I saw, a little before sun set, a white fringed wave of the well-known figure of a breaker. I cried to the Rais for God's sake to shorten sail, for I saw a breaker ahead, straight in our way. He said there was no such thing; that I had mistaken it, for it was a sea-gull. About seven in the evening we struck upon a reef of coral rocks. Arabs are cowards in all sudden dangers, which they consider as particular directions or mandates of providence, and therefore not to be avoided. Few uncultivated minds indeed have any calmness, or immediate resource in themselves when in unexpected danger. The Arab sailors were immediately for taking the boat, and sailing to the islands the boy had seen. The Abyssinians were for cutting up the planks and wood of the inside of the vessel, and making a raft.

'A violent dispute ensued, and after that a battle, when night overtook us, still fast upon the rock. The Rais and Yasine, however, calmed the riot, when I begged the passengers would hear me. I told them, 'You all know, or should know, that the boat is mine, as I bought it with my money, for the safety and accommodation of myself and servants; you know, likewise, that I and my men are all well armed, while you are naked; therefore do not imagine that we will suffer any of you to enter that boat, and save your lives at the expence of ours. On this vessel of the Rais is your dependence, in it you are to be saved or to perish; therefore all hands to work, and get the vessel off, while it is calm; if she had been materially damaged, she had been sunk before now.' They all seemed on this to take courage, and said, they hoped I would not leave them. I told them, if they would be men, I would not leave

leave them while there was a bit of the vessel together.

'The boat was immediately launched, and one of my servants, the Rais, and two sailors, were put on board. They were soon upon the bank, where the two sailors got out, who cut their feet at first upon the white coral, but afterward got firmer footing.' They attempted to push the ship backward, but she would not move. Poles and hand-spikes were tried in order to stir her, but these were not long enough. In a word, there was no appearance of getting her off before morning, when we knew the wind would rise; and it was to be feared she would then be dashed to pieces. Mahomet Gibberti, and Yasine, had been reading the Koran aloud ever since the vessel struck. I said to them in passing, 'Sirs, would it not be as wise for you to leave your books till you get ashore, and lend a hand to the people?' Mahomet answered, 'that he was so weak and sick, that he could not stand.' But Yasine did not slight the rebuke, he stripped himself naked, went forward on the vessel, and then threw himself into the sea. He, first, very judiciously, felt what room there was for standing, and found the bank was of considerable breadth, and that we were stuck upon the point of it: that it rounded, slanting away afterward, and seemed very deep at the sides, so the people, standing on the right of it, could not reach the vessel to push it, only those upon the point. The Rais and Yasine now cried for poles and handspikes, which were given them; two more men let themselves down by the side, and stood upon the bank. I then desired the Rais to get out a line, come astern, with the boat, and draw her in the same direction that they pushed.

'As soon as the boat could be towed a-stern, a great cry was set up, that she began to move. A little after, a gentle wind just made itself felt from the east, and the cry from the Rais was, hoist the fore-sail and put it a-back. This being immediately done, and a gentle breeze filling the fore-sail at the time, they all pushed, and the vessel slid gently off, free from the shoal. I cannot say I partook of the joy so suddenly as the others did. I had always some fears a plank might have been started; but we saw the advantage of a vessel being sewed, rather than nailed together; as she not only was unhurt, but made very little water. The people were all exceedingly tired, and nobody thought they could enough praise the courage and readiness of Yasine. From that day he grew into consideration with me, which increased ever after, till my departure from Abyssinia.

'There was a circumstance, during the hurry of this transaction, that gave us all reason to be surprised. The ghost was supposed to be again seen on the boltsprit, as if pushing the vessel ashore; and as this was breaking covenant with me, as a passenger, I thought it was time some notice should be taken of him, since the Rais had referred it entirely to me. I inquired who the persons were that had seen him. Two moors of Hamazen were the first that perceived him, and afterward a great part of the crew had been brought to believe the reality of this vision. I called them forward to examine them before the Rais, and Mahomet Gibberti, and they declared that, during the night, they had seen him go and come several times; once, he was pushing against the boltsprit, another time he was pulling upon the rope, as if he had an anchor ashore; after this he had a very long pole, or stick, in his hand, but it seemed heavy and stiff, as if it had been made of iron,

and

and when the vessel began to move, he turned into a small blue flame, ran along the gunnel on the larboard side of the ship, and, upon the vessel going off, he disappeared. 'Now,' said I, 'it is plain, by this change of shape, that he has left us for ever, let us therefore see whether he has done us any harm or not. Have any of you any baggage stowed forward?' The strangers answered, 'Yes, it is all there.'—'Then,' said I, 'go forward, and see if every man has got his own.' They all did this without loss of time, when a great noise and confusion ensued; every one was plundered of something, stibium, nails, brass wire, incense, and beads; in short, all the precious part of their little stores was stolen.

'All the passengers were now in the utmost despair, and began to charge the sailors. 'I appeal to you, Yasine and Mahomet Gibberti,' said I, 'whether these two moors who saw him oftenest, and were most intimate with him, have not a chance of knowing where the things are hid; for in my country, where ghosts are very frequent, they are always assisted in the thefts they are guilty of, by those that see and converse with them. I suppose therefore it is the same with Mahometan ghosts.' 'The very same,' said Mahomet Gibberti and Yasine, 'as far as ever we heard.' 'Then go, Yasine, with the Rais, and examine that part of the ship where the moors slept, while I keep them here; and take two sailors with you, that know the secret places.' Before the search began, however, one of them told Yasine where every thing was, and accordingly all was found and restored. I would not have the reader imagine, that I here mean to value myself, either upon any supernatural knowledge, or extreme sagacity, in supposing that it was a piece of roguery from the beginning, of which I never doubted. But while Yasine and the sailors were busy pushing off the vessel, and I astern at an observation, Mahomet Gibberti's servant, sitting by his master, saw one of the moors go to the repository of the baggage, and, after staying a little, come out with a box and package in his hand. This he told his master, who informed me, and the ghost finding his associates discovered, never was seen any more.

A CURIOUS CASE AT FOUR-HANDED CRIBBAGE,

Wherein not any of the four parties can hold a single point in hand, and yet the dealers shall win the game the first shew.

LET A. and B. deal against C. and D. each person to hold a three, four, six, or seven. with any tenth card, and each to lay out their tenth card for the crib: D. then cuts the cards for the turn-up, which proving to be a knave, A. and B. mark two points.—It being C's. first play, he leads with pitching his four, which B. pairs, and marks two points; D. then plays his four, and marks six points, for a pair-royal; A. then plays his four, making a double pair royal, for which he scores twelve points. C. then plays again with his three, which is paired by B. who marks two points more; D. plays his three, and marks six for a pair-royal; and A. then comes in with his three, which, making a double pair-royal, and the end hole likewise, he marks for such thirteen points. C. then plays off again with his seven, which B. pairs, and marks two points; D. plays his seven, and marks six points; and A. playing his seven, makes a double pair-royal, for which, and the end hole, he

he marks thirteen points more. Here again C. plays his six, which is paired by B. who scores two points; D. plays his six, and marks six points; and A. who is the last player, makes a double pair-royal with his six, for which, and the end hole, he marks thirteen points: which, with the various other points played by A. and B. complete the game, or sixty-one points, while C. and D. have only been able to play twenty-four points. Thus the game is won by A. and B. without holding a single point.

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
Construction of Stables, Choice of a Lady's Pad, Breaking of Horses, &c. &c.

From T. H. Morland's Treatise, entitled, Every Man his own Judge, &c.

(Continued from Page 153.)

EVERY gentleman who is fond of a horse, and wishes to be well carried, should be particular in having a lofty and warm stable; the stalls full two yards wide, with very little descent; and the rack and manger placed high: for in a stall of that width, a horse has an opportunity of lying at ease, and stretching out his legs like a greyhound before the fire, which he frequently will do, when he has sufficient room. In warm weather it is easy to admit a necessary quantity of fresh air, by means of a lattice window, and a sliding shutter in the inside thereof.

A careful, sober, and industrious groom is the next consideration: for unless a horse is well dressed, and regularly fed and exercised, he cannot be expected to perform to your satisfaction. The best grooms are those trained up from their youth in the racing stables, for they are regularly taught the method of dressing, feeding, exercising, &c. Many of them do not succeed as jockies, yet are well qualified to serve in the capacity of grooms; I therefore wish every gentleman who is particular in training his hunters, to provide himself with a servant of that description. Make choice of the most open and airy situation for exercising your hunters, as some heath, or common.

Mr. Taplin very justly observes, that it is impossible for any man living, who has made these creatures, their wants, gratifications, perfections, and attachments, the object of his contemplation, not to feel the greatest mortification, when chance or choice brings him to a survey of the stables in London, with all their horrid inconveniences. Horses in general produced from stables of this description, all bear the appearance of temporary invalids, from living, or rather existing in a scene of almost total darkness, and unnatural heat and want of air; they approach the light with reluctance, and every new object with additional apprehension. They walk, or rather totter, out of the stable, in a state of debilitation, or stiffness of the extremities, as if threatened with universal lameness. The legs are swelled from the knees and hocks downwards, to the utmost expansion of the integument.

The stiffness of the joints, the swelling of the legs, the severity of the cracks, the frequency of the thrush, the contraction of the hoofs, and the difficulty of respiration, are evidently the resulting effects of destructive situation, and erroneous management.

If

If such a horse is put into strong exercise, he soon proves himself inadequate to either a long or expeditious journey; for whether the body is over-burthened with weak and flatulent food and water at setting out; jaded with early fatigue, to which he has not been accustomed; or debilitated with the stable discipline I have described: the effect is nearly the same. If his journey is of any duration, or his exertions of any great magnitude, it is no uncommon thing to find he has fallen sick, lame, or tired upon the road; and, under the worst of curses, a bad character, is frequently sold to the first bidder, under whose systematic care, and rational mode of management, a few months perhaps make him as good and valuable a horse as any in the kingdom.

Cleanliness is so indisputably necessary to health and invigoration, that it is a matter of surprise how any person, who takes the least delight in horses, can wilfully neglect a matter of such importance. In short, the strictest attention should be paid to cleanliness, the quality of hay, corn, and water, regularity in feeding, dressing, and exercise, if my reader wishes to have his horse in good condition, and adequate to the fatigues of a long journey, or the more violent exertions of the chase.

The art of riding, Mr. Morland thinks should be a part of education which no genteel person should neglect. And respecting the ladies, he thinks that when an elegant woman is properly instructed in the art, and mounted on a beautiful, tractable, lively, and good tempered animal, regularly trained for her particular use, she cannot appear to greater advantage: her dress and air give her an additional degree of dignity, which heightens every charm, and never fails to excite universal admiration.

A lady's pad cannot be made too gentle and tractable; for her balance is the only means she has of keeping her seat on horseback; which if she once loses, it is ten to one she comes to the ground: I therefore hope ladies will be very particular, what sort of horses they mount. It is a very niece matter to break a lady's pad properly, for they cannot be made too steady and delicate in the mouth.

Mr. Taplin, in the second volume of the *Gentleman's Stable Directory*, (whose skill, experience, and improvements in the system of farriery, render him deserving of the highest encomiums) relates a story which corroborates the opinion I have formed upon horsebreakers in general: I shall therefore give it exactly as he relates it:—

"In the very early part of life, I became a temporary slave to custom, and credulously bestowed my premium of three guineas, (exclusive of the keep) to have a colt rendered every thing *that was bad*, by the most popular distributor of equestrian discipline in the neighbourhood of my residence; when, after an absence of six weeks, the time fixed on as necessary to complete his education, and render him a paragon of perfection, he was returned so *caparisoned, bitted, cavisoned, martingaled*, and *cruppered*, that he seemed admirably decorated for the immediate adventures of a knight errant, the field day charger of a general officer, or ready accutered for the champion of England to make his public entrance into Westminster hall. My instructions were to ride him for some time *in his tackle* though he was as *well broke*, as *steady, temperate*, and *safe*, as any horse in the kingdom. My first excursion however,

however, convinced me of the honour and probity of this scientific operator, for the colt was in possession of every vice, without a single perfection in his favour, except a wonderful alacrity in *stopping*, which he had the kindness to do, unsolicited, at every *public house* upon the different roads for some miles round, to all which he had been rotationally led, and daily placed for many hours in the stable of one or the other, while his indefatigable tutor was, like *friend Razor*, in the Upholsterer, constantly getting drunk for the good of his country!"

I cannot conclude without mentioning a very great error in the present mode of saddling horses, which has lately prevailed among ignorant stable boys, hostlers, &c. (for they cannot with any propriety be called grooms) by placing the saddle too far backward on the fillets, where the animal is much less able to support the rider's weight: and it is done with a view I suppose to make the fore-hand appear longer, a reason not sufficient to counterbalance the painful sensations occasioned thereby. The forepart of the saddle should be placed a little behind the shoulder blades, that being its proper place, and the strongest part of the back; the girths will then come round the chest; for it is both injurious and highly improper to gird the poor creature round the belly.

The bridle should be held in your left hand, dropping your third finger between the reins, bringing them round the first and second, and holding them between the root of the first finger and the thumb.

The whip should be held in your right hand: you should sit upright, and gracefully, with your elbows always close to your sides, for you will thereby have more strength to support and govern your horse.

A Weymouth bridle, with bit, and bradoon, is in my opinion, preferable to any other sort for the road; but for the diversion of hunting, you should always use a plain snaffle, as the former would check your horse too much at a leap.

The author concludes with modestly recommending the frequent perusal of his treatise, adding, if my reader pays proper attention to my instructions and advice, he will be a full match for the gentlemen of the whip, (the dealers) and may venture to purchase a horse out of their hands, with as little danger of being cheated, as if a thousand evidences attended to warrant his good properties upon oath.

I also strongly recommend Mr. Taplin's *Gentleman's Stable Directory*, as the most improved System of Farriery; deserving the study and attention of every gentleman and farmer curious in horses.

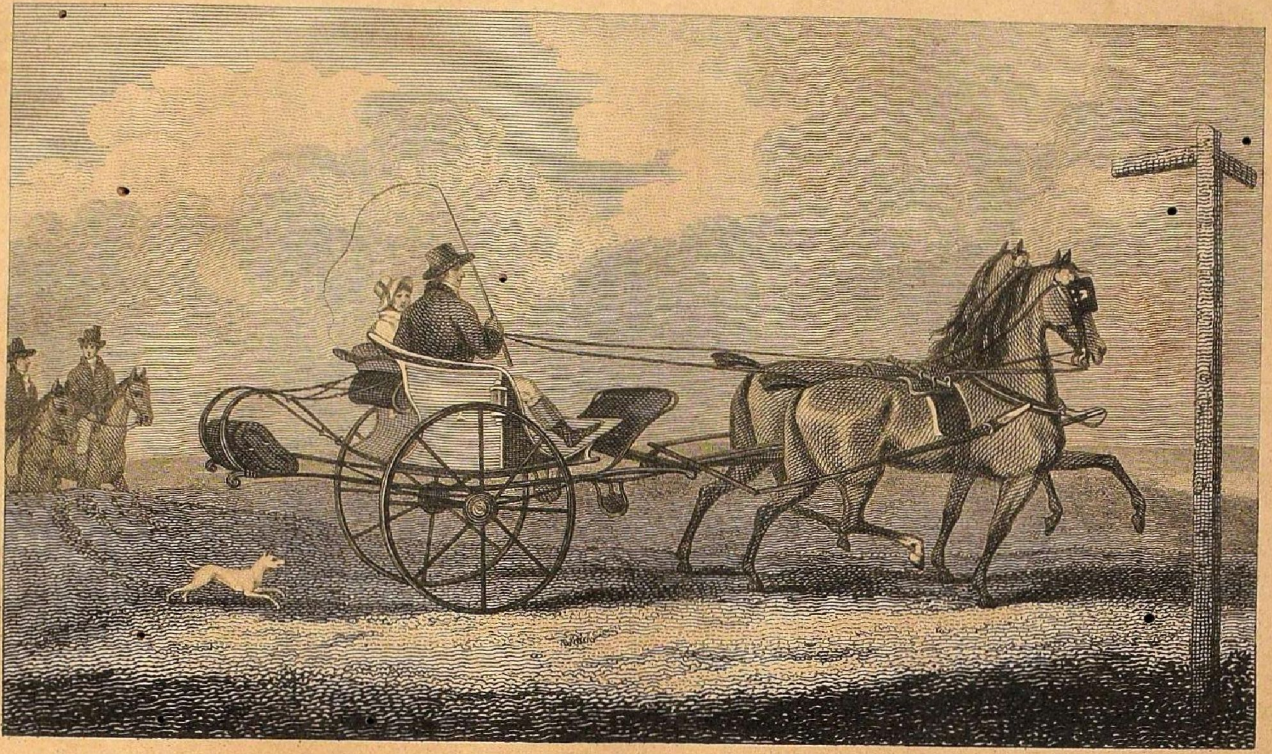
CURRICLE AND HORSES.

From a Design by SARTORIOUS *the Younger,*

Engraved by ENGLEHART.

THIS subject affords little for remark, we shall therefore only say, and in which our readers we hope will concur, that the horses are well drawn, and with just action; that they are *spirited*, and so is the Engraving.

FEAST



FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A Poacher, who was lately carried before a magistrate, upon a charge of unlawfully killing game in a nobleman's park, where he was caught in the fact, being asked what he had to say in his defence, and what proof he could bring to support it? replied, "An please your worship, I know and confess that I was found in his lordship's park, as the witness has told you; but I can bring the whole parish to prove that for these thirty years it has been my *manner*."

Emery, in the character of Robert Grange, a Country Bumpkin, in the New Play of Delays and Blunders, tells the audience, that he was once examined in court at the assizes, when, on a little black-faced *man* in a wig and a gown asking him a question, he answered, "Why look'e Mr. Councillor, you are paid for giving *your opinion*, and I am not such a fool as to give you mine for nothing."—On being questioned, if he was not called or known by the name of the *thieving poacher?* "Yes," says he, "*I am*, by such *chaps as you*, but *not* by gentlemen."

Mr. Cherry, the new Comedian at Drury-Lane Theatre, whose christian name is Andrew, is called by his intimate friends the Little Merry Andrew: he was written to a few years ago, with an offer of a very capital engagement, by a manager who had not acted altogether on the square by him in the course of a former connection; to which he wrote the following humorous answer:

Sir—Though a little *black muzzard* like mine has been exhibited upon your boards to the satisfaction of the public, yet as I was cursedly *bit* by you, when you gobbled the *fruits* of your performer's labours, I have made up my mind that you never shall make "*two bites of—a Cherry*!"

"What lazy fellows bricklayer's labourers are!" said a loitering Irish footman to his master. "How do you know?" was the reply. "Because," answered the Irishman, 'when you bid me run with a card to Lady ——, I *stood* and watched one of them, and he was half an hour in going up a ladder!"

IMITATED FROM SHAKESPEARE, IN THE MORNING HERALD.

LORD F—LEY.

——"I did expect that these Nimrods of the *Pichley* chace had been trained to nobler dareings!—Mark how they stoppe at a vaulting leape, to calculate whether the pleasures of this worlde, or the nexte, are best worth seeking. These laddes might have rose in their stirruppes, had they not been born with the neckes of greengirles, that require so much womanlie caution to preserve them?"

Page 37.—Genuine.

A Person

A PERSON a few days since having met with an acquaintance, a printer, asked him if it was true that a Mr. F. had put a *period* to his existence? "No," said Mr. Typo, "he only put a *comma* to it, for he is in a fair way of recovery."

SUETT meeting Bannister a few mornings since, said, "I intend dining with you soon, on eggs and bacon.—What day shall I come Jack?" To which the other replied, "Why, if you will have that dish, you must come on a *Fry*-day."

A MAN of Dover, going out in a merchant vessel, and rather suspicious of his wife's conduct, delivered her up to a bachelor friend of his, with this remark, "You want a housekeeper, Tom, to manage your prize-money, of which I got none. I am going to sea, take my Bessy: she is a notable sober body, though a little given to lose her helm; she is heartily at your service, because you are an old messmate; and I know, if you take her in tow, you will keep a sharp look out, both on my account and your own."

A MAN a few days since, bestowed a great deal of abusive language on a woman, in the presence of a Magistrate. The Justice asked her, if the man was her *husband?* "You may know he is," said she, "from the *politeness* of his *language to me!*"

A FANATICAL preacher quarrelled with his friend on Christmas *Eve*—"If I were *Abel*," said the parson, "I would *Cain* you."—"I don't care A *dam* for you," exclaimed the other, "your religion is a mere *Job*."

A MAN, smoking his *pipe* in an alehouse, boasted of the jokes he had played off upon his companions —"If you make a *Butt* of me," said a fellow in the corner, "I shall take the liberty of giving you a *Punch-eon*."

A LADY of sixty, and a young woman of seventeen, lately presented themselves with their paramours at Gretna Green. "Hold, hold," said the *Matrimonial Vulcan* to the Virgin, "you are young, and can wait a little; I see your *Grandmother* is impatient, let me put on *her fetters first*."

A MAN of Ramsgate, very much addicted to drinking, of the name of Glass, having had several times the misfortune to tumble down and break his head, observed, that he really believed his whole frame was as brittle as *glass* itself; "you are right," said a fellow, standing on the pier, "for you resemble that commodity in more respects than one, being made for the same honourable purposes, to be filled by a sot, and then broken."

FATHER LIFITAN, the Jesuit, in his History of South America, says, that there is a country in that quarter in which are to be found *hares* who have *four legs on their back*, as well as the same number on their *belly*, and when tired of running on one set, they turn and run on the other!

AN Advertisement relative to a Provincial Assembly states:

Married Ladies, for the night	0	5	0
Unmarried, ditto, transferable to Gentlemen —	0	2	6

"CAN you recommend to me a something," exclaimed a *ruby nosed* votary of Bacchus, to Fisher, of the Brighton Library, "that will be of service to a man of my complexion?"—"With a great deal of pleasure,

pleasure, Sir," replied the auctioneer, bowing, and instantly presented to him a *cork-screw.*

Asses Milk.—Two brothers, not much distinguished for brilliancy, observed to Charles Bannister, that, on account of their health, they were going into the country to drink *Asses milk.*—"Save yourselves the expence," said Charles, "and *suck one another.*"

A Singular advertisement taken a short time since, from a Pennsylvania Paper.—"A complete coachman to be disposed of, who has three years and a half to serve. He is an excellent driver either postilion or on the box, is perfectly acquainted with the office of an hostler, huntsman, or waiter. He is healthy, strong, and honest. The only reason for his being *sold* is, because he will get drunk now and then, though not frequently. Inquire of the Printer."

The following curious instructions for a sign-board were sent to a painter in Shrewsbury, under date August 13, 1802:—"You are to draw the Shrawsbury coach with six men on the roov, and two on the box—and chaise with two horses after the coach—also my name—spirits, porter and ale—also I intend entertain a man an a horse—also my buissness wch as follow—that is farring (farriery)—please to draw the flaims and lanchetts, and that I shall nick and crop—and water for horses—I beg you'l do it as you think proper yourself—and do it as I mentioned above."

A *facetious* farmer, of Yorkshire, who had a mind to be *witty,* at the expence of *decorum,* lately received a *rebuff,* which was taken with as much good humour as it was given: A lady had been walking with him over her farm, and shewing him her sheep and other stock; on their return, just as they were entering the house, the lady exclaimed—"Dear me, you have not seen my *calf,* Sir,"—"No, Ma'am," said the farmer, "I never saw higher than your ancle." The lady of course, felt herself rather confused at this unexpected sally, but soon recollecting herself, observed—"that she should never see a *calf* again without thinking of *him.*"

A FASHIONABLE SPORTSMAN AND HIS FRIEND.

Dick. Lend me a horse, my friend Bob, for to-morrow—
Pray, which of them all will you lend?
It's cursed unpleasant, you know well, to borrow:
But I'm *easy* with you, my good Friend.
Bob. 'Pon honour, with pleasure I would—but—indeed—
Which would you prefer, then?—
Dick. ——————The Gray,
Bob. Poor devil, he's badly, and quite off his feed!
We'd a d—mn—ble run the last day.
Dick. The Black—
Bob. He's blister'd.
Dick. The Brown—
Bob. He is fir'd.
Dick. The Bay—
Bob. She's a stumbling bitch;
You should not have *her,* Dick, unless I desir'd
To see you laid dead in a ditch.
Dick. Pray, which shall I have, then—Brown, Muzzle, or Crop?
Bob. I *lend* none, if truth I must tell:
I've no licence, I own, but my stable's a shop—
I ride all my horses—to *sell.*

HOW TO GET ON.

Arrah, what now, my honey, and would you be told,
The way to ride forward more dashing and bold?
O, give your Nag plenty of *Vincent* and *Crowder;*
And yourself a full measure of best *leaping powder*!*

* Dram.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ABOUT the middle of the present month, the lovely Duchess of St. Alban's received a severe fall from her horse, going to see Sir Gilbert Heathcote's hounds find their fox. We are happy to hear the surgeons are of opinion her Grace is not dangerously hurt, though it is probable the effects of the accident will be felt for some time.

THE York Herald of the 22d instant, says, "soon after the frost is gone, we are informed Colonel Thornton, with that true spirit of sporting, which he is so well known to possess, intends treating the gentlemen of the country, with stag, deer, and wolf hunting, on the High Wolds of this county.

THE same paper adds, a few days ago, Colonel Thornton, in his usual spirited manner, gave a grand coursing day, and, after much sport, a dinner, to above 100 soldiers of the York, in commemoration of the honourable and good conduct of that regiment, while under the command of his father, and afterwards of himself.

THE following observations were likewise copied from the York Herald. Veterinary.—It is matter of wonder as well as regret, that there should not be established in every great town some pupil of the Veterinary College, that the diseases of that useful and noble animal, the horse, may be treated with some degree of knowledge. At present, the ignorance of farriers is not less proverbial than barbarous; and, with many of the *common blacksmiths*, the usual mode of shoeing is to cut the foot to fit the shoe, instead of making the shoe fit the foot—while they *pare* away the *frog* (the sensible part of the foot) with the same indifference as the nail or horney part of it.

SIR Charles Davers has a large *bear*, so tame as to attend him when he goes a shooting, without being muzzled: bruin frequently strolls through the covers by himself at night; which was no sooner known round the country, than the poachers immediately forsook their haunts in a kind of complimentary fear of this new kind of gamekeeper, who takes out no other licence than what he derives from his own stubborn authority.

AT a meeting of the members of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hunt, held at Linlithgow on the 10th instant, they elected, for the present year—The Earl of Hopetoun, Preses—the Hon. Colonel Alex. Hope, M. P. and Jas. Bruce of Kinnaird, Esq. Councillors—Mr. Boyd, Treasurer and Secretary.

A REMARKABLE accident happened lately to a fine colt in the grounds of Mr. Burtonwood, at Hendon, Middlesex. By some means he got his head between the bars of a harrow, which had been so placed as to lean against the stump of a tree, and thus encumbered, the terrified and distressed animal

animal continued furiously running about for more than an hour, no person daring to attempt relieving him on account of the projecting iron spikes of the harrow; at length he fell through fatigue, and by the shocks he received in consequence of the harrow striking against gates, fences, &c. he was so much hurt, it was thought proper to kill him.

Lately died at Newmarket, aged 26, Mr. John Singleton, jockey. He was caressed by all noblemen and gentlemen who employed him, and his death is sincerely lamented by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Game Laws.—Lord Kenyon, in a case which was left undecided, was of opinion, that on an information against an unqualified person, for sporting, the informer was called upon to prove *that the delinquent had no qualification.* But it seems the decided opinion of the bench at present, that the informer is not called upon to prove a negative; but that it is sufficient for them to lay the information, and that the offender must prove that he is qualified to sport—by having a *clear income* of L.100 a year.

The above decision has embarrassed that numerous class of *qualified gentlemen*, who set up a legal right to sport, on the ground of having a qualification derived from being merely *nominal* proprietors of an estate of L.100 per annum, though such estates are mortgaged for nearly their value. The courts have now ruled, and, as just observed, that the *onus* of proving any one *not* qualified, does not lie upon the informer, but that the person, whose qualification is questioned by an information, must prove its *validity* to the *clear* amount of L.100 per annum, or be subject to conviction. Hence landlords *lending* estates, and taking a mortgage for its security, though it may qualify for a seat in the House of Commons, will not entitle a man to *course* a hare, or *shoot* at a partridge!

Two dashing young sportsmen, said to be of most respectable families, came to the Angel Inn, in Bury, a few days since, fully equipped with double-barrelled guns, dogs, &c. and very unhandsomely went to the Hyde, and other preserved covers in that neighbourhood; where, in defiance of game keepers, they shot all the pheasants and hares that came in their way; and afterwards had the audacity to blow a horn as they passed through the villages.—It is said these young men proceeded to the eastward of the county, where they committed like depredations on several manors distinguished for an abundance of game.

Thomas William Coke, Esq. Sir John Shelley, and T. Sheridan, Esq. went a few days since to Houghton, on a shooting party, for their friend Lord Cholmondley, now at Paris. In one day they killed with their three guns, 29 hares, 32 rabbits, 48 pheasants, 26 partridges, and 30 woodcocks.

The dashing young sportsmen, who so conspicuously amused themselves in Norfolk and Suffolk, in bringing down the *game*, were not Sir J. Shelley and Mr. T. Sheridan, but Mr. Hare, Mr. Bearcroft, Mr. G. Coventry, and Mr. Cochevan Waller.

His Excellency General Andreossi has presented to his Majesty superb views, elegantly engraved and coloured, of all the royal chases or hunting grounds of the late Kings of France, from an early period.

By our last letters from Paris it appears, that one or two of our

English gentlemen, whose *legs* began to wear rather a *sable hue* in their own country, have met with their match in the more scientific circles of deep play in that dexterous capital; even Mr. C. with all his address, is said to have paid 4,000 guineas British for a banquet that he gave about ten evenings since to a predatory corps of *Gallic Punters*.

A Match was lately run over Ayr race course, for 100 guineas a side, between Mr. Don's Applegarth, by Stride, and Mr. Oswald's chesnut colt, by Star, carrying 11 stone each, one three mile heat, which was won easily by the former.

On one of the days of Lady Salisbury's hunt, last month, a curious circumstance occurred.—A covey of partridges were sprung, and almost instantaneously a hawk was observed to be in chace, and was seen to strike the uppermost bird, when one of the gentlemen, with more attention and curiosity than the rest, followed the hawk and its prey for more than three miles, the hawk continually resting and rising according to its ability and strength, till at last through fatigue it resigned its prey to the pursuer.—The partridge weighed 16 ounces. It had received no farther injury than from the gripe of the hawk at the bottom of the neck.

A Remarkable instance of female intrepidity occurred a short time ago in America. The account was received from the City of Washington. Samuel Dille, living on Wills Creek, a branch of the Muskingum, and his wife, went in search of two steers which had strayed from them. Having proceeded some distance from the house, they heard the distant tingling of cow-bells, when Mr. Dille, supposing them to be the bells of his steers, immediately followed in the direction whence the sound came, leaving Mrs. Dille with the horses and his gun in charge. In his absence the dog traced two young bears into a tree, one of which Mrs. Dille shot, and, re-loading her gun, wounded the other, so that it fell from the tree. The dog seizing it, its cries brought the old bear to its relief. But the heroine, in nowise dismayed, having again loaded her piece, had just dispatched the dam, when her husband, alarmed at the report of the gun, returned.

A New exhibition took place on Sunday, the 23d instant, in the Park, which attracted many gazers. It was a chariot rolling along Rotten Row, without horses. From the entrance at the Piccadilly gate, to the ascent near the river, the vehicle rolled along tolerably well. The inventor sat in the carriage, and by means of a windlass kept it in motion; but when they got to the rising ground it was found necessary to give extra assistance; several persons applied their shoulders to the wheels, and by that means all was again set to rights; but by a mistake in the management of the reins, the carriage came in contact with one with horses, in which was seated a lady, when unfortunately, the perch, the dicky-box, and part of the mechanism, were broke to pieces, and thus, for a time at least, are defeated the objects of the speculation.

About the middle of the present month, James Herriott, gamekeeper to George Shiffner, Esq of Comb Place, near Lewes, in Sussex, discovered in our river, a small distance above Barcomb Mill, tightly jammed between a willow stump and the shore, a dead pike, of an extraordinary size. It measured in length, from eye to fork,

four

four feet, was one foot thick across the back, and weighed, in its wasted state, 40lbs. Its confined situation is attributed to the rapidity of the current during the late flood, when, to stem the torrent, it is supposed this enormous fresh-water fish, sought a lodgment, from which it could not afterwards extricate itself, and consequently there remained until it was literally starved to death.

During the present month, were landed out of the Tobago French West Indiaman, for Tobago, put into Plymouth through stress of weather, from Bourdeaux, several animals of different descriptions, viz. a French trooper's horse, which was in a French regiment of cavalry at the famous battle of Marengo, in Italy; nine large Spanish mules and asses; and two blood ponies, intended as presents. They are in the London Inn stables, together with a most beautiful Spanish ram, from Buenos-Ayres; his fleece is of that soft kind of wool called Spanish wool, and no doubt, if properly managed, will improve the breed of sheep in this country. He is finely proportioned, full of dignity, has four horns, and, when angry, butts in a grand style.

On Thursday the 13th instant, there was a match at pigeon shooting, in a field near Egham, when a lad, of the name of Hearn, about thirteen years of age, after running some distance, in order to pick up one of the pigeons, which was shot and fell out of the prescribed bounds, just as he was in the act of stooping to lay hold of it, he dropped down, and instantly expired. What renders this circumstance rather interesting, is, that a sister to the above lad, on being intimidated at a person's calling to her, about three years since, dropped down and expired equally sudden, in an adjoining field to where her brother breathed his last.

A Dreadful accident happened on the 30th of November in the Menagerie of the Garden of Plants, at Paris. A person who was viewing the wild beasts, put his hand between the bars, and patted the tyger upon the head; the animal received his caresses with great gentleness, and licked his hand. Encouraged by this, the unfortunate man thought he might use the same familiarity with the lion; but the ferocious beast seized him by the arm, and tore it in so dreadful a manner, as to render immediate amputation necessary.

A Caution.—A few days since, a person who had been shooting, having left his gun, which was loaded, in the house of Dr. Bennet, vicar of Chapel-en-le-Frith, a servant girl, unconscious of its being charged, in a sportive manner presented it at another girl, and instantly shot her dead! The unfortunate but unintentional author of this fatal accident, has been in a melancholy state ever since. To prevent similar misfortunes, we wish to recommend to the *incautious* to avoid the *wanton* handling of fire-arms, however certain they may be that such arms are not loaded. An observance of this recommendation can do no harm, whilst a deviation from it may occasion the death of numbers! And should any *previous* quarrel between the parties be brought forward, the laws of the country may bring the unhappy survivor to an ignominious death.

Another melancholy accident happened, about the same time, arising from the thoughtless, and too frequently fatal practice of carrying home loaded guns, and not taking proper care of them. A person of Worcester, on his return from shooting, deposited his gun, charged,

charged, in an adjoining room, where the children of several neighbours were assembled in the evening, on a Christmas party; when a youth playfully took up the gun, and levelled it at a daughter of Mr. Williams, in Broad-street, who was of the party; the contents of which she in part received in her breast and arm; fortunately the arm being held up in fear, the principal part of the charge went under it, and shattered the back of a chair.

Driffield, Yorkshire.—A few days ago a very melancholy accident happened on Mr. Boyes's warren, near this place. A bricklayer's labourer, in returning from his work, having unfortunately lost his way, got into a man-trap that was placed for the purpose of defending the warren from poachers: notwithstanding his groans, he remained there for many hours before he was found by one of the warreners who was going his round. When conveyed to Driffield, his thigh was so lacerated by the trap, that he died in consequence. This unfortunate accident should operate as a caution, as many persons have been obliged to set man-traps in their plantations for the purpose of securing them from poachers, who may thus unexpectedly meet their death.

The rabbit warren of Mr. Litle, of Blyborough, near Kirton, having been frequently robbed, two of the warreners were ordered to watch, on the night of Wednesday the 22d ult. when, about midnight, hearing a man coming towards them, to the tipes where the rabbits were then taking, they laid down for sometime on the ground, watching him: It was very dark, but on his coming nearer to them they got up, and one of them, Joseph Lidget, after asking him what he was about, collared him: The villain immediately plunged a sword which he had brought with him into Lidget's left breast, who just exclaimed, "*you have killed me*," fell down, and expired immediately. The other warrener, who had a gun, then came up, and finding Lidget dead, left the body in the warren, and guarded the villain to the warren-house, threatening to shoot him, if he offered to escape. When they came to the house, the man made a spring from him, just as the warrener was opening the door;—he recovered the gun as the man was turning the corner of the house, about ten yards from him, and fired; he then ran a considerable way after him, but could not overtake him. On the Thursday morning a surgeon of Kirton was sent for to Snitterby, to dress the arm of a labourer, at his father's house, for a gun-shot wound. He soon heard of the horrid murder that had been committed the night before, the escape of the man, and his being shot after, so as to leave no doubt of his being the person: he accordingly gave information, when a party went to secure him, and brought him before the coroner, by whom he was committed to Lincoln Castle, for the wilful murder of Joseph Lidget, by the name of Thomas Wilson. His right arm, in turning short round the corner, had received nearly the whole of the charge: On the Saturday morning, when examined by the surgeon of the gaol, it was found to be in so dangerous a state, a mortificatian having begun and rapidly advancing, as to leave no chance for his life, without amputating the limb. This he was informed of; he quietly made up his his mind to undergo the operation, which took place as soon as possible, and he is now (the fifth day since) in a very promising way of recovery. Wilson is a slim youth, and only 21 years of age.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONGS, &c.

FROM

The Pantomime of "Love and Magic; or Harlequin's Holiday."

SONG.—MISS HICKS.

BEHOLD this fair Cestus, a gift all divine,
Its colours a lesson to all, which imparts
Those virtues that, practis'd, will ever intwine,
In bonds never failing, all true lovers hearts.
This yellow, of jealousy bids you beware;
This blue is of courage an emblem, and truth;
White bids you love Columbine, virtuous and fair;
And red, shews, the sweet yielding blushes of youth.

LITTLE BESS,

THE BALLAD SINGER.—
MRS. BLAND.

COME 'round and buy, come buy, come buy
A song of Little Bess;
To please your taste, I'll do my best,
'Tis all I can profess.
Sweet maids, to you I'll sing True Blue,
And so your lads shall prove;
To love-sick swains I'll sing sad strains
Of those that died for love.
Then brisk again my song shall be,
To cheer the friends who follow me,
Poor Little Bess the Ballad Singer.

Come 'round and buy, come buy, come buy;
Assist poor Little Bess;
The home to cheer of parents dear,
Who droop beneath distress.
So shall you prove propitious love,
And boast a friend sincere;
That balm shall find, of human kind,
A sympathizing tear.
Then brisk again my song shall be,
To cheer the friends who follow me,
Poor Little Bess the Ballad Singer.

GIPSY KING.—MR. COLLINS.

COME round me, and hear
What delicate cheer
For your dinner this day have I stole;
Lay hold of my sack,
And I'll quickly unpack,
And give an account of the whole.

'Squire Clod, rude and bluff,
Swore the miller he'd cuff,
And while he a quarrel was picking,
"I'm for peace friends," quoth I,
So dextrous and sly,
I popt in my bag this nice chicken.

To a vint'ner's I went,
For there I had scent,
When his wife had a little drop in,
That it was no hard task,
To steal this choice cask
Of Gin—and to my bag to pop in.

At the parson's, says I,
My luck I will try,
And soon stole his holiday wig;
Still on industry bent,
To his stye quickly went,
Where I snaffled this little tythe pig.

From

From the Pantomime of "Harlequin's Habeas; or, the Hall of Spectres."

AIR.—MR. WHEATLEY.

HENCE, my brave, my generous tar!
Since now no duty calls to war:
In France pursue the faithless friend,
Who basely could thy trust betray,
While I thy magic sword obey,
And prompt assistance lend.

GLEE.—HOP-PICKERS.

YE Kentish Yeomen, here behold,
Your gardens ripen into gold;
Where, plac'd in many a lengthen'd row,
From pole to pole the clusters grow.
And we, tho' born to hours of toil,
With pleasure till the fruitful soil;
And work, to make our neighbours happy,
With porter, ale, and stout brown nappy.
Stout brown!
Brown stout!
Porter, ale, and stout brown nappy.

NEW

PARODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

BETWEEN the winning of a serious rubber,
And the odd trick at nine, all the interim is
Close as a pointer, hush as dead of night;
The genius and the recollection
Are then in council; and the experienc'd player,
Like one that treads on ice, fears, ev'ry round,
His partner's next wrong card will lose the game.

ANOTHER.

BETWEEN the reading of this Magazine
And its arrival, all the interim is
Like a keen appetite set down to table:—
Wet from the press, scarce air'd, th' ivory instrument
Opens the pleasing leaves: and the keen sportsman,
Like some fond child that lacks a spannew play-thing,
Runs o'er the whole contents with wond'ring eye. J. J. B.

SONGS, &c.

FROM

FAMILY QUARRELS,

FOXGLOVE,

SINCE the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind,
And taught me how favour'd by fortune my lot;
To share that good fortune, I still was inclin'd,
And impart, to who wanted, what I wanted not.
'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise,
When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him,
And my motto, tho' simple, means more than it says,
"May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him."

The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
Or by poverty bow'd, though of evils the least,
The smile of a friend may invite to content,
And we all know content is an excellent feast.
'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise,
When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him;
And my motto, tho' simple, means more than it says,
"May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him."

SIR PEPPERCORN.

GAFFER Grist, Gaffer's Son, and his little Jack-ass,
Trotting along the road,
Through a gossiping, straggling village must pass,
Before they could reach their abode.
Master Johnny rode Jacky, which old Gaffer led,
The villagers thought the boy monstrous ill-bred,
So they made honest Gaffer get up in his stead,
Trotting along the road.

They didn't go far, ere they heard people talk,
Trotting along the road,
As how it was stupid for either to walk,
Before they could reach their abode.
So

So they both rode, when, proud of his horse and his pelf,
A farmer cries "down! would you kill the poor elf,
If you was an ass, would you like it yourself?"
Trotting along the road.

Next they carried the Jack-ass, who never said nay,
Trotting along the road,
But all changes endur'd, like the Vicar of *Bray*,
Before he would quit his abode.
Yet e'en this wou'dn't please ev'ry ill-natur'd tyke,
And, therefore this moral must forcibly strike,
We should manage our Jack-asses just as we like,
While trotting along the road.

CHAUNT—PROTEUS.

FIRST, dere vash Miss Devy, pretty Miss Devy, oh vat a Miss Devy was she!
Her eyes vere such pretty little rollers, dey soon got de better of me.
She vas all over so charming, and lovely, and killing,
She cut ma heart in two, all de vorld as so it vas a bad shilling.
Oh vat a charming girl.
So nothing hinder'd our marriage, but only tink, such a girl shou'd deceive ye,
She came to me von morning, and, says she, my dear Mr. Aaron, don't let it grieve ye,
But I vash married yesterday, to somebody else, and dere vash an end of Miss Devy.
Oh vat a naughty Miss Devy.

Den dere vash Miss Rachel, taper Miss Rachel, so tall from de head to de feet,
You may go from St. Paul's to Long Acre before such a lady you'll meet.
Her fader sold vatches and rings, and had a mighty pretty shop of it,
And de first time I saw her little pretty face behind the counter, I fell in love a-top of it.
Oh de charming girl.
So I made her all de love dat I cou'd, and her heart vasn't made of ice,
For like a stick of Dutch shealing vax, it melted in a trice,
And dere vas noting to do, but buy de ring out of her fader's shop—but ve cou'dn't agree about de price.
Oh vat a gawky Miss Rachel.

Den dere vash Miss Moses, jolly Miss Moses, vat a Miss Moses was she!
I believe dat deres very few ladies, vit such lips, and such noses you'll see,
Her broder vash mighty rich, and got money in de shtocks;
He vasn't so vulgar to get it by trade, but taught de great people to spar and to box.
Oh vat a charming girl!
So Miss Moses took lessons of her broder, how to use de pretty little fist of her own,
And I vash obliged to leave off ma visits at dat end of de town,
For tho' married people may spar a little, I shou'dn't like a wife to knock ma down.
Oh what a tumping Miss Moses.

FAVOURITE HUNTING SONGS.

From Nimrod's Songs of the Chace.

SONG.

AWAY ye brave fox-hunting race,
Away, away to a bourn chace;
Let Ashton Park alone to day,
For here will be the Royal play;
See yonder's the covert, to horse let's be going,
Throw, throw off the finder's then, honest *Will Owen*.
Away ye brave, &c.

Unkennel quick, yon blaky ground,
They'll have a touch for fifty pound;
Hark, hark to *Soundwell*, that's a noble dog,
Cross him my jolly lads, heux, heux the drag:
The fox has broke covert, let none lag behind,
We've had an entappesse, she runs up the wind;
Off with the chace hounds, hoa:
Now, now the sportsmen shew
Let *Lillywhore* and *Cæsar* run,
Tosspot and, *Ruler*,
Capper and *Cooler*,
Pompey and *Gallant*, low 'em on.
Spur, switch, and then away, o'er hedges, and ditches
Without fear of necks, or galling your breeches;
Blow a retreat, blow, blow, tantivee, tivee, tivee, tivee,
If she runs down the wind she may chance to deceive ye.

A recheat, a recheat, tivee, tivee, tivee,
tivee,
Pox on't we're baulk'd, for by my soul,
The vixen's just now earth'd, see here's
the hole :
Put in the tarriers—faith 'tis so,
She's crept at least five yards below ;
They're working—hark !—and lay at
her so well,
They'll make her bolt, tho' 'twere as
deep as hell :
'Tis done, 'tis done, she's snapp'd, she's
kill'd,
Hollo brave boys then from the field,
And jolly huntsman blow poor Rey-
nard's knell,

SONG.

TANTIVEE, tivee, tivee, tivee,
high and low,
Hark ! how the merry, merry horn does
blow,
As thro' the lanes and meadows we go,
As puss has run over the down ;
When Ringwood and Rockwood, and
Jowler and Spring,
And Thunder and Wonder made all the
woods ring,
And horsemen and footmen, hey ding,
a ding, ding,
Who envies the pleasure and state of
a crown.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow
jolly boys,
Keep in with the beagles now whilst
the scent lies,
The fiery fac'd God is just ready to rise,
Whose beams all our pleasure controls ;
Whilst over the mountains and vallies
we roll,
And Wat's fatal knell in each hollow
we toll ;
And in the next cottage top off a full
bowl,
What pleasure like hunting can cherish
the soul.

SONG.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into
my room,
I put on my clothes and call'd for my
groom ;
Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the
hounds,
Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd
o'er the grounds ;
The horses were saddled, fleet Dapple
and Grey,
Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound
hark ! away !

It was now by the clock about four in
morn,
When we all gallop'd off to the sound
of the horn ;
Dick Garter, Will Tabble, and Tom at
the Goose,
When all on a sudden out starts mistress
Puss ;
Men, horses, and dogs, not a moment
would stay,
And Echo was hear'd to cry, hark !
hark ! away !

The chase was a fine one, she took over
the plain,
Which she doubled, and doubled, again
and again ;
Till at length she took cover, return'd
out of breath,
And I and Will Whistle were in at the
death ;
There, in triumph of joy, I the hare
did display,
And I call'd to the horns, my boys,
hark ! hark ! away !

SONG.

AT the sound of the horn,
We rise in the morn,
And 'waken the woods as we thunder
along :
Yoix, yoix, tally O,
After Reynard we go,
While echo on echo we double the song.

Not the steeds of the sun
Our brave coursers out-run,
O'er the mound, horse and hound, see is
bound in full cry ;
Like Phœbus we rise
To the height of the skies,
And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.
We 'waken the woods, &c.

At eve, Sir, we rush,
And are close to his brush ;
Already he dies—see him panting for
breath.
Each feat and defeat,
We renew and repeat,
Regardless of life, so we're in at the
death.
We 'waken the woods, &c.

With a bottle at night,
We proclaim the delight,
Much Trimbush we praise, and the deeds
that were done :
And yoix, tally O,
The next morning we go,
With Phœbus to end, as we mount with
the sun.